

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4674. [REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1919

SIXPENCE.

Postage: U.F. 4d.; Abroad, 1d.

IMPORTANT NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE HUSBAND. By E. H. ANSTRUTHER (Mrs. J. C. Squire.) This is the story of a woman's heart. Penelope Brooke will live as one of the sweetest and noblest heroines of modern fiction. Richard Dennithorpe as one of its most mysteriously fascinating heroes. It is a novel which will make an equal appeal to men and to women. 7s. net.

THE EDGE OF DOOM. By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY. "The whole book is well written; the dialogue and the narrative skilfully and vividly handled."—*Times*. "The Edge of Doom" gives the jaded reader something to be thankful for."—*Daily Express*. 7s. net.

THE END OF A DREAM. By A. M. N. JENKIN. In "The End of a Dream" the author has written a powerful story around the problem of the soldier suffering from "shell shock." The book, it is predicted, will cause a sensation, both from the literary point of view, and as a disclosure of undoubted truths relating to the results of this terrible disease. 7s. net.

WILLIAM POLLOK and other Tales. By GERALD GROGAN. A volume of brilliant and original stories by Gerald Grogan, who was killed at the front in 1918. Most of the stories deal with mining life in Mexico, with which the author was exceptionally familiar. 7s. net.

BUNKER BEAN. By HARRY LEON WILSON. Author of "Ma Pettengill," "Ruggles of Red Gap," &c. Mr. H. L. Wilson is one of the first of American humorists, and "Bunker Bean" is the most humorous novel of the season. 6s. net.

ON THE PATH OF ADVENTURE. By JULIUS M. PRICE. With numerous illustrations by the author. Mr. Price is a well-known war correspondent, and the present volume describes how during the first months of the fighting he penetrated, at great personal risk to the war zone. "Very unconventional . . . makes entertaining reading."—*Evening Standard*. "Very vivid."—*Evening News*. 12s. 6d. net.

MY HUSBAND. By IRENE CASTLE (Mrs. Vernon Castle). Vernon Castle, who, with his wife, taught America how to dance, was killed while flying in Texas in 1918. The present volume is an admirable tribute and will cause wide interest. With numerous illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

BRITISH AIRSHIPS, Past, Present and Future. By GEORGE WHALE (late Major R.A.F.). With numerous illustrations. An authoritative volume on a subject of great contemporary interest, which will be of value to both the technical and non-technical reader. 7s. 6d. net.

LIVING BAYONETS: A Record of the Last Push. By CONINGSBY DAWSON, author of "Khaki Courage." "The spirit of the book is enthralling . . . more enlightening than any formal history could be."—*Scotsman*. 6s. net.

THE MARGARET BOOK. By ALFRED CLARK, N.Z.M.C. "The Margaret Book" is written on the lines of the author's previous volume, "My erratic Pal." It is a novel in which the story is told in a delightfully original combination of verse and prose, and forms an admirable gift book. 5s. net.

SWINBURNE AS I KNEW HIM. By COULSON KERNAHAN. This volume, which contains a large number of anecdotes, will be welcomed by all interested in Swinburne, as it gives a considerable insight into the character of the poet and his friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton. 5s. net.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Practical Mystic. By FRANCIS GRIERSON. With an introduction by JOHN DRINKWATER. A new book by the author of "The Valley of Shadows," which depicts faithfully the spiritual atmosphere in which Lincoln lived and moved, thought and worked. 5s. net.

SONNETS FROM A PRISON CAMP. By ARCHIBALD ALLAN BOWMAN. This book falls naturally into two parts; the first is a sonnet sequence describing the author's capture in the Great March Offensive, and internment in a German camp; the second consists of a series of meditative sonnets on theses inevitably suggested by close confinement. 5s. net.

DOMUS DOLORIS. By W. COMPTON LEITH. Another book by the author of "Sirenica" and "Apologia Diffidentis." Mr. Compton Leith is one of the very finest of living prose-writers; he has a rare sense of the value of words and the beauty of phrases; and his latest book will be welcomed by all who care for what is best in contemporary literature. 7s. 6d. net.

WAR DAUBS. By R. WATSON KERR. "A genuine vital sincerity beats through them and helps to fashion the verse into a real and true medium of expression."—*Times*. "This skilful and accomplished singer."—*Scotsman*. 5s. net.

JOHN LANE,
THE BODLEY HEAD,



VIGO STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

Appointments Vacant

THE TRUSTEES of a MUSEUM in an interesting country town desire to meet a GENTLEMAN with some private means and experience in Natural History and Antiquities who would be prepared to act as Curator and Secretary and to take an interest in the educational development of the collections.—Apply stating salary required to "Museum," ATHENÆUM Advert. Office, 170, Fleet Street, London E.C.4.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

AN INSTRUCTOR IN PORTUGUESE is required at The Marylebone Commercial Evening Institute, Upper Marylebone Street, Great Portland Street, W.1, on Tuesdays, 7.15 to 9.15 p.m. Salary, 15s. an evening.

Apply to the Education Officer (T.7), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary). Form T.17 (p) will then be sent, and must be returned by December 1, 1919. In the case of male candidates, preference will be given to persons who have served or attempted to serve with the Forces of the Crown. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,

Clerk of the London County Council.

LEEDS SCHOOL OF ART.

ASSISTANT MASTER or MISTRESS required for FIGURE DRAWING and PAINTING. Applicants should possess the Full Diploma, or the Schools Painting Diploma, of the Royal College of Art. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience, but not less than £180 in the case of a man, and £170 in the case of a woman. Further particulars may be had on application to the Headmaster. Forms of Application, which should be returned to this Department not later than December 10, may be obtained from the undersigned.

JAMES GRAHAM,

Director of Education.

Education Offices, Leeds.

WANDSWORTH TECHNICAL INSTITUTE. SECONDARY SCHOOL.

REQUIRED, in January if possible, **MAS TER** with special qualifications and experience in teaching History. Commencing salary £225 to £315 according to experience, rising to £440.

Application on forms to be obtained from the HONORARY PRINCIPAL, Technical Institute, Wandsworth, S.W. 18, returnable not later than Monday, December 8.

SOUTH AFRICA.—REQUIRED, ASSISTANT MISTRESSES for Church High Schools. Degrees essential. Subjects: English, French, History. Salaries from £100 to £130, resident with annual increase. Passage. Mathematics Mistress, £130, resident, with extra fees for special coaching.—Apply Miss FLORENCE SAUNDERS, S.O.S.B.W., 251, Brompton Road, S.W.

COPPERPLATE ENGROSSMENT.

APPLICATIONS are invited by the Walthamstow Urban District Council for the WORK OF ENGROSSING THE LOCAL ROLL OF HONOUR, which will entail the writing (copperplate hand) of some 27,000 entries on parchment sheets from cards upon which the particulars are already entered. The engrossing of the Roll must be done at the Central Library, Walthamstow, under the direction of the Chief Librarian, but arrangements as to hours, etc., can be made by the appointed person subject to the approval of the supervising officer. Applications are invited only from persons who write a copperplate hand, and such applications must state the terms acceptable; be accompanied by two letters of recommendation and a specimen of the applicant's writing, and reach the undersigned not later than noon on Saturday, December 6, by post only.

C. SYDNEY WATSON,

Clerk to the Council.

Town Hall, Walthamstow, E.17.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM.

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY.

JUNIOR LECTURER in CHEMISTRY required to commence duties January 10, 1920. Commencing salary £250 p.a. Application Forms, which must be returned by December 8, may be obtained from the REGISTRAR.

SCARBOROUGH—GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF ART.

WANTED—HEAD MASTER for the above School. Applicants must possess qualifications recognised by the Board of Education. Salary between £400 and £500 according to qualifications and experience.

Application stating age, and full particulars, also date when duties can be undertaken, together with three recent testimonials, to be sent to the undersigned not later than December 31, 1919.

R. UNDERWOOD.

Education Offices,
Town Hall, Scarborough.

Appointments Wanted

YOUNG LADY well educated, with knowledge of French and German, desires post as JUNIOR ASSISTANT in library.—Box 507, ATHENÆUM ADVERTISEMENT OFFICE, 170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

LIBRARY POSITION in London desired by young lady. Holds all Library Association Certificates. Seven years' experience in every branch of library work. Three languages' Excellent references.—Box 512, ATHENÆUM Advt. Offices, 170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

LADY (young) seeks COUNTRY POST. Experienced Secretary. Certificated Gardener and Botanist. Languages.—Box 514, ATHENÆUM Advt. Office, 170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Art Exhibitions

S.T. DUNSTAN'S HOME for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors (in aid of). Loan Exhibition of ENGLISH PICTURES of EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Raeburn, Turner, Hogarth, etc., at MESSRS. THOS. AGNEW & SONS' GALLERIES, 43, Old Bond Street. Admission 2s. 6d. Open 10 to 5. Saturdays 10 to 1.

THE LATE AUGUSTE LEPERE.
A MEMORIAL EXHIBITION of ETCHINGS and WOODCUTS at Robt. Dunthorne's, The Rembrandt Gallery, 5, Vigo Street, W.

THE CHELSEA BOOK CLUB.

Dessius et Aquarelles

par

Bounard, Degas, Derain, Lhote

Picasso, Vlaminck, etc.

December 4th and following days

from 11-6.

65, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

Authors' Agents, etc.

THE AUTHORS' ALLIANCE are prepared to consider and place MSS. for early publication. Literary work of all kinds dealt with by experts who place Authors' interests first. Twenty years' experience. Please note new address: 93 and 94, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

TYPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION carefully and promptly executed at home, 1s. per 1,000 words; carbon copy, 3d. per 1,000 words. Duplicating. Cambridge Local.—Miss NANCY MCFARLANE, 11, Palmeira Avenue, Westcliffe, Essex.

TYPEWRITING, 1s. 1,000 words; carbon copy, 3d. 1,000. Nearly 200 testimonials.—EXPEDIENT TYPING CO., 10, Station Road, Finsbury Park (facing tube). Established 1909.

TYPEWRITING beautifully done (by experts). 10d. thousand including everything. Perfect work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reduction Novels, long MSS., etc.—Miss L., 21, Herbert Street, Eastville, Bristol.

LITERARY Translations and Typewriting. Highest refs.—PHILOCLLOT BUREAU, 43, Palatine Rd., Stoke Newington, N.

TYPIST with own machine requires work at home.—Miss WAKELY, 10, Hendrick Avenue, Nightingale Lane, S.W. 12.

Complete Catalogue of BOOK BARGAINS

NOW READY. Post Free on application to

WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD., BOOK-SELLERS.

265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

All books are in new condition as when originally published. No second-hand books kept.

BOOKS on every conceivable subject. Secondhand, at half-prices: New, at best prices. Catalogue free. One of the fine stocks of Rare Books and First Editions. State wants, Best bought.

W. & G. FOYLE, LTD., 121-125, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

THE ART THEATRE

THIRD PRODUCTION AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

(By kind permission of Mr. Frederick Harrison)

on DEC. 7 at 3 p.m. and DEC. 8 at 2.30 p.m.

(a) *Night of the Trojan War*

By JOHN DRINKWATER

(b) *Ballet Philosophique*

By MADAME DONNET, to César Franck's music, to be conducted by Mr. Adrian Boult.

(c) *Callimachus*

Translated from the Latin of the 10th century by Arthur Waley.

The cast includes:

HILDA BEWICKE, JANE FORESTIER, MDLLE. RAMBERT, DOROTHY STUART, FELIX AYLMER, NICHOLAS HANNEN, BASIL RATHBONE, WILLIAM REA, ERNEST THESIGER, and JEAN VARDA;
and the plays will be produced by MADAME DONNET.

The fourth and fifth productions will be in January and February, 1920.

Seats for the Monday performances can be obtained from the Secretary or at the theatre on the day of performance. The Sunday matinees are for subscribers only. Subscription £1 1s. (10s. 6d. for professional members and students) for three performances.

All particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, the Art Theatre, 43, Russell Square, W. C. Telephone: Museum 194.

THE POEMS OF WILFRID WILSON

GIBSON

No. II. of The Westminster Classics consists of a collection of twenty-three of the Poems of WILFRID WILSON GIBSON the special merits of which have been widely recognised by the Press.

The Nation says of them:—"The main thing about these poems is just that they are extraordinary poems; by means of their psychology, no less and no more than by means of their metre, their rhyme, their intellectual form and their concrete imagery, they pierce us with flashing understanding of what war is and means—not merely what it is to these individual pieces of ordinary human nature who are injured by it and who yet dominate it, but, by evident implication what war is in itself, as a grisly multitudinous whole. It seems to us beyond question that Mr. Gibson's 'Battle' is one of the most remarkable results the war has had in literature."

THE ATHENÆUM
LITERATURE DEPT.,
10, ADELPHI TER., W.C.2.

THE NATIONAL DEBT

to its disabled Soldiers remains undischarged and many desire to show their gratitude in a practical manner. THE CHURCH ARMY is aiding in various ways those who are in difficulty and hardship on returning to civil life from the War.

HOSTELS FOR THE LIMBLESS

which have already given accommodation to thousands of limbless men pending the fitting of the necessary artificial limbs which will enable them to take up some form of employment.

Most helpful work is being done by the

EX-SERVICE MEN'S EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

which finds a job to suit the man according to his disabilities, honorably incurred during the war, as well as his abilities. Employers having vacancies are earnestly invited to help by applying to this department.

Special Homes have been provided for the shelter of a peculiarly pathetic and helpless class—the

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

under the loving care of Church Army Sisters.

AT YPRES

a Hostel has been opened, and others are being opened, for the accommodation of bereaved relatives who make

PILGRIMAGES TO WAR GRAVES

of Husbands or Sons, escorted and helped by the Church Army.

THE CHURCH ARMY

ASKS YOUR SUPPORT FOR ITS MANY
BRANCHES OF WORK, HELPING DIS-
ABLED AND DISCHARGED MEN TO RE-
ESTABLISH THEMSELVES, AND EASING
DISTRESS WHEREVER FOUND.

Cheques crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, LONDON

These three magnificent volumes include all Rudyard Kipling's Verse from 1885 to 1918. This is the only complete edition. As it cannot be reprinted before Christmas, it is essential that reservation orders should be placed with the booksellers at once.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE

INCLUSIVE EDITION 1885-1918.

IN THREE VOLUMES. £1,000 PAGES. PRICE £3 3s. NET.

CONTENTS.

"A Servant When He Reigneth"
Absent-Minded Beggar, The
American, An
American Rebellion, The
Anchor Song
"Angutivaun Taina"
Answer, The
Anvil, The
Arithmetic on the Frontier
Army Headquarters
"As the Bell Clinks"
Astrologer's Song, An
"Back to the Army Again"
Ballad of Boh Da Thone,
The
Ballad of Burial, A
Ballad of East and West,
The
Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House, The
Ballad of Minepitt Shaw,
The
Ballad of the Bolivar, The
Ballad of the Clamperdown
The
Ballad of the King's Jest
Ballad of the King's Mercy,
The
Ballad of the Red Earl, The
Ballade of Jakko Hill, A
Bee-Boy's Song, The
Bees and the Flies, The
"Before a Midnight Breaks in Storm"
Beginnings, The
Bell Buoy, The
Bells and Queen Victoria,
The
Belts
Benefactors, The
Betrothed, The
Big Steamers
Bill 'Awkins
"Birds of Prey" March
Blue Roses
Bobs
Boats
Boy Scouts' Patrol Song, A
Bridge-Guard in the Karroo
British-Roman Song, A
Broken Men, The
Brookland Road
"Brown Bess"
Budhia at Kamakura
Burial, The
Butterflies
"By the Hoof of the Wild Goat"
Captive, The
Carol, A
Chant-Pagan
Cells
Certain Maxims of Hafiz
Chapter Headings—
Beast and Man in India
Just-So Stories
Kim
Life's Handicap
Many Inventions
Plain Tales from the Hills
The jungle Books
The Light that Failed
The Naulahka
Charm, A
Chil's Song
Children, The
Children's Song, The
Choice, The
Cholera Camp
Christmas in India
"Cities and Thrones and Powers"

City of Sleep, The
"Clare!"
Coastwise Lights, The
Code of Morals, The
Cold Iron
Columnus
Comforters, The
Conundrum of the Work-shops, The
Covenant, The
Craftsman, The
Cruisers
Cuckoo Song
Danegeid
Danny Deever
Darzee's Chaunt
Dawn Wind, The
Dead King, The
Death-Bed, A
Declaration of London, The
Dedication from "Barrack Room Ballads"
Dedication—To Soldiers
Three
Deep-Sea Cables, The
Delilah
Derelict, The
Destroyers, The
Dirge of Dead Sisters
Divided Destinies
Dove of Dacca, The
Dutch in the Medway, The
Dykes, The
Edli's Service
Edgehill's Fight
Egg-Shell, The
En-Dor
England's Answer
English Flag, The
Epitaphs of the War
Et Dona Ferentes
Evarra and His Gods
Exile's Line, The
Explanation, The
Explorer, The
Fablest, The
Fairies' Siege, The
Fall of Jock Gillespie, The
Feet of the Young Men,
The
Female of the Species, The
Files, The
Fires, The
First Chantey, The
Floods, The
Flowers, The
"Follow Me 'Ome"
"For All We Have and Are"
"For to Admire"
Ford o' Kabul River
Four Angels, The
France
Frankie's Trade
French Wars, The
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy"
Galley-Slave, The
Gallo's Song
Gehazi
General Joubert
General Summary, A
Gentlemen-Rankers
Gethsemane
Giffen's Debt
Gift of the Sea, The
Gipsy Trail, The
Glory of the Garden, The
Gow's Watch
Grave of the Hundred
Head, The
Great-Heart
Greek National Anthem, The
Gunga Din
Hadramauti

Half-Ballad of Waterval
Harp Song of the Dane
Women
'Eathen, The
"Helen All Alone"
Heriot's Ford
Heritage, The
Holy War, The
Hostage, The
Houses, The
Hunting-Song of the Seecene Pack
Hyenas, The
Hymn before Action
If
Imperial Rescript, An
In Spring Time
Instructor, The
In the Matter of One Compass
In the Neolithic Age
Irish Guards, The
Islanders, The
Jacket, The
James I.
Jester, The
Jobson's Amen
Jubal and Tubal Cain
Juggler's Song, The
Justice
King Henry VII. and the Shipwrights
King, The
King's Job, The
King's Task, The
Kingdom, The
Kitchenner's School
L'Envoi
La Nuit Blanche
Ladies, The
Lament of the Border
Cattle Thief, The
Land, The
Last Chantey, The
Last Department, The
Last of the Light Brigade,
The
Last Rhyme of True Thomas, The
Last Suttie, The
Law of the Jungle, The
Legend of Mirth, The
Legend of the Foreign Office, A
Legends of Evil, The
Lesson, The
Lichtenberg
Liner She's a Lady, The
Long Trail, The
Looking-Glass, The
Loot
Lord Roberts
Lost Legion, The
Love Song of Har Dyal, The
The
Lovers' Litany, The
Lowestoft Boat, The
"Lukannon"
M. I.
M'Andrew's Hymn
Macdonough's Song
Man Who Could Write, The
Mandalay
Mare's Nest, The
Married Man, The
"Mary Gloster, The
"Mary, Pity Women!"
Macy's Son
Masque of Plenty, The
Merchantmen, The
Merrow Down
Mesopotamia
Mine Sweepers
Miracles, The
Moon of Other Days, The

Morning Song in the Jungle
Mother-Love, The
Mother o' Mine
Mowgli's Song Against People
Mowgli's Song
Mulholland's Contract
Municipal
My Boy Jack
My Father's Chair
My Lady's Law
"My New-Cut Ashlar"
My Rival
Native-Born, The
Nativity, A
Natural Theology
Necessitarian, The
New Knighthood, The
Norman and Saxon
North Sea Patrol, The
Nursing Sister, The
Old Issue, The
Old Men, The
Old Mother Laidlaw
Old Song, An
Oldest Song, The
One Viceroy Resigns
Only Son, The
Oonts
"Our Fathers Also"
"Our Fathers of Old"
Our Lady of the Snows
Outlaws, The
Outgoing in the Jungle
Overland Mail, The
Pagett, M.P.
Palace, The
Pan in Vermont
Parade Song of the Camp-Animals
Parting of the Columns,
The
Peace of Dives, The
Pharaoh and the Sergeant
Piet
Pilgrim's Way, A
Pink Dominos
Pirates in England, The
Plea of the Simla Dancers,
The
"Poor Honest Men"
Poiseidon's Law
Possibilities
Post That Fitted, The
Prairie, The
Prayer, The
Prayer of Miriam Cohen,
The
Prelude to "Departmental Ditties"
Press, The
Pro-Consuls, The
Prodigal Son, The
Prophets at Home
Public Waste
Puck's Song
Puzler, The
Queen's Men, The
Question, The
Rabbi's Song, The
Rebirth
Recall, The
Recantation, A
Recessional
Reeds of Runnymede, The
Reformers, The
Return, The
Return of the Children,
The
Rhyme of the Three Captains, The
Rhyme of the Three Sealers
Rimini
Rimmon

Ripple Song, A
River's Tale, The
Road-Song of the Bandar Log
Roman Centurion's Song,
The
Romulus and Remus
Route Marchin'
Rowers, The
Run of the Downs, The
Rupaiyat of Omar Kal'vin,
The
Russia to the Pacificists
Sack of the Gods, The
Sacrifice of Er-Heb, The
St. Helena Lullaby, A
Sappers
School Song, A
Screw-Guns
Sea and the Hills, The
Sea-Wife, The
Second Voyage, The
Secret of the Machines,
The
Sergeant's Wedding, The
Service Man, The
Sestina of the Tramp-Royal
Settler, The
Seven Watchmen
Shillin' a Day
Shiv and the Grasshopper
Shut-Eye Sentry, The
Sir Richard's Song
Smuggler's Song, A
"Snarleyow"
Soldier, Soldier
"Soldier an' Sailor Too"
Song at Cock-Crow, A
Song in Storm, A
Song of Diego Valdez, The
Song of Kabir, A
Song of the Banjo, The
Song of the Cities, The
Song of the Dead, The
Song of the English, A
Song of the Fifth River
Song of the Lathes
Song of the Little Hunter,
The
Song of the Men's Side
Song of the Red War-Boat
Song of the Sons, The
Song of the White Men, A
Song of the Wise Children
Song of the Women, The
Song of Seven Cities, The
Song of Travel, A
Song to Mithras, A
Sons of Martha, The
South Africa
Spies' March, The
Stellenbosh
Story of Ung, The
Story of Uriah, The

Study of an Elevation in Indian Ink
Stranger, The
Submarines, The
Sussex
Tale of Two Cities, A
Tarrant Moss
That Day
"The City of Brass"
"The Men that Fought at Minden"
"The Power of the Dog"
"The Trade"
Things and the Man
Thorkild's Song
Thousandth Man, The
Three-Decker, The
Three-Part Song, A
To the City of Bombay
To the True Romance
To the Unknown Goddess
To Thomas Atkins
"Together"
Tomlinson
Tommy
Translation, A
Tree Song, A
Troopin'
Truce of the Bear, The
Truthful Song, A
Two Kopies
Two Months
Two-Sided Man, The
Unique
Ulster
Undertaker's Horse, The
Vampire, The
Verdicts, The
Verses on Games
Veterans, The
Virginity, The
Voortrekker, The
Wage Slaves, The
Way Through the Woods,
The
Wet Litany, The
What Happened
What the People Said
When Earth's Last Picture is Painted
"When the Great Ark"
White Horses
White Man's Burden
Widow at Windsor, The
Widow's Party, The
Widower, The
"Wilful-Missing"
Winners, The
Wishing-Caps, The
With Drake in the Tropics
With Scindia to-Delhi
Young British Soldier
Young Queen
Zion

SPECIAL RESERVATION ORDER FORM.

(This form may be handed to any Bookseller)

To.....

Please reserve for me.....Sets of
RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE
INCLUSIVE EDITION 1885-1918.
Published in Three Volumes, price £3 3s. net, for
which I enclose £ : : Postage extra.

Name.....

(A) Address.....

Date.....

HODDER AND STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON. E.C. 4.

THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

THE BOLSHEVIST UNIVERSE

THERE is a new theory of the universe, and many of us without mathematical aptitude or scientific training are racking our brains to form some visual picture of the new cosmic régime. But in vain. Even if we do not discover it quickly for ourselves, a kindly friend who has the secret will inform us that what we have to do to become initiate is precisely to abandon the habit of visualization. Perhaps we are too old, perhaps too lazy to abandon old habits and take on new; or we make heroic efforts, and in the last round of the struggle, when victory seems tantalizing, we are tripped up by the old atavism and left intensely concentrating upon nothingness.

So we resolve to behave like men of the world; if we cannot understand, we can at least be cynical. We can cover our cynicism with a very plausible pretence of respect for cosmological decencies. What is all this we hear about local times and matter that creates its own space? We suffer ourselves to glow with righteous indignation; we stand for law and order in the universe, with a Greenwich meridian and a Greenwich mean-time. Is a pleasant, tidy, constitutional universe to make way for this nasty, messy, Bolshevik pandemonium? Is the cosmos to be run by a pack of Soviets, millions of Soviets, each taking its own time and creating its own space by pronunciamiento? Where is a Koltchak or a Churchill to stem the tide of anarchy? How unfortunate that Sir Oliver has had to catch a train to Tomsk! *Il recule pour mieux sauter*, without a doubt. Sir Oliver, who can stand up to Sir Roland, cannot be really retiring before a German-Jew with the oddly suspicious name of Einstein. The railways are better at Tomsk, and (in case of accidents) better still at Tokio. Meanwhile we must (without declaring a state of war) blockade the impious wretches by the stout navy of common sense.

The analogy is not unamusing, and perhaps even

not without its cogency. But we have learned nowadays to be detached. Tidiness is rather a dull affair after all, and after assuring Sir Oliver that we perfectly understand his preference for the recuperative air, the rarefied ether of his sidereal Tomsk, we may pause a little while to consider the attractions of a cosmos *à la Bohème*. It has one very potent attraction: there are a number of exciting excursions to be made. For instance, there is that circular trip you may take with the velocity of light which will enable you to inspect the new régime pretty thoroughly, and carries with it the really considerable privilege of returning to this planet not a second older than when you left it. And there is no need to worry, as Mr. Max Beerbohm did when he was the guest and victim of Mr. James Laidlaw, that you may be involved in any irreparable disaster by exceeding the speed limit. You cannot exceed it, the law forbids. The charm of this expedition will be greatly increased if before you start you spend a little time observing what is going on in one of the more distant fixed stars. You will very likely find that nothing is going on at all. Do not, however, be led into thinking that your excursion will be dull; when you get there—

unfortunately you will not be allowed to stop—you will find that this section of Bohemia is conducting itself in a truly Bohemian way. It will be as frantic and busy, and possibly not so stupid, as the earth you left. Only it may be hurrying in seconds that are equivalent to our æons. But you will not notice this as you pass, you will have insensibly slipped into the more sedate tempo. On the whole, it is as well that there should be no *arrêt facultatif*, for you might find it disconcerting to arrive home when every other living thing on earth had gone west at the beginning of the neoglacial epoch. One can hardly expect superlative excitements without superlative dangers.

And is there not a chance that this universe without pretences is somehow more adequate to, more in keeping with, life without pretences than the old

CONTENTS

THE BOLSHEVIST UNIVERSE	1249
PHAROS, Part I., by E. M. Forster...	1250
POETRY:	
Eden, by G. M. Cookson	1251
As the Wind Blows, by Eden Phillpotts...	1251
REVIEWS:	
The Preacher as Artist	1252
Dean Diogenes	1253
The Three Great Centuries	1254
Satire and Native Woodnotes	1255
Some Aspects of Dostoevsky	1256
The Outline of History	1256
How Great Men are Expected to Feel	1257
The Danger of Phonetics, by George Saintsbury	1257
The Natural Man	1258
Control and Enthusiasm	1259
NOTES FROM IRELAND...	1260
TYNDALE'S PRINTER	1260
BOOK SALE	1260
SCIENCE:	
In Man's Image	1261
Societies—Forthcoming Meetings	1261, 1262
FINE ARTS:	
The "Salon d'Automne," by André Lhote	1263
Exhibitions of the Week	1263
MUSIC:	
Busoni as Composer, by Edward J. Dent...	1264
Beecham Opera: The Nightingale	1265
Concerts	1266
DRAMA:	
The Duchess of Malfi	1266
Dramatic Notes	1267
CORRESPONDENCE:	
George Eliot—The New Prosody—An Australian Commonplace Book—Morals and Economics—Mr. Pound and Propertius—Shenstone's Epitaph	1268, 1269
FOREIGN LITERATURE:	
The Mediterranean Race	1269
The Russian Spirit, by Leo Shestov	1270
A Futurist Poet	1271
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	1272-1275

régime? The new arrangement of local times is to some of us not very revolutionary. We set our clocks by the railway station, it is true, and by thus doing we manage to catch trains when we want them; but the time we really care about and set our lives by is a far more individual affair. To some the dial marks the mastery of idea, to others a profound and passionate experience, to others still the emergence and satisfaction of some creative impulse. These are the things that strike our hours; the material clock outside us awakes no echoes within. One man can know but little of another's inward time, though there may come a moment when two human beings are persuaded that their hours have chimed together, and they call the consonance friendship or love.

And there are some who would say that the secret of life consists precisely in the power to see by a sudden flash of a new vision that one's local time is everything and Greenwich of no account; that one's local time is nothing but the relation between events of supreme importance, and that this relation is incommensurable by the Greenwich pendulum. For these essential life consists not in a sequence of events unrolled through centuries, but in the sudden upward leaps of the individual human spirit. It is all a question of plane and angle. An unexpected sideways glance at life may reveal a new unity. Why should it be otherwise with the universe? The truth may be untidy to the eye of tidiness. People who live by their local time are generally counted shiftless and unpractical; but test them by what they achieve and comprehend, by the queer results they reach by their indecipherable paths, and they have a trick of making those who adjust themselves by the station clock look trivial and absurd. A man who lies on his back by the side of the high road will seem good for nothing and comic; but he will have a better sight of the stars.

So, we imagine, it is with Einstein. We pretend to no arcane knowledge of his discovery; but though we cannot picture the new universe to ourselves, we can picture the nature of the twist he gave his mind in order to perceive it. A sudden rigour and candour like a child's, a sudden questioning of simple and unquestionable things, a sudden half-light colouring all the objects of his speculation anew, a sudden vision of a way by which reality could be taken in the flank—these are the aptitudes of all the rare spirits that have seemed to steer humanity. The humanity that sets its clock by the railway station is unresponsive to the helm. The authentic gleam of discovery is dulled when it reaches it. A new theory of the universe is only a nine days' wonder for the newspapers; but for the posterity which lives by local time it will be a serene monument of the human spirit which will overshadow the madness and confusion of the great war.

THE 94th course of Juvenile Lectures founded by Faraday at the Royal Institution will be delivered this Christmas by Professor W. H. Bragg on "The World of Sound." The lectures will be given on the following days at 3 o'clock: Tuesday, December 30, "What is Sound?"; Thursday, January 1, "Sound and Music"; Saturday, January 3, "Sounds of the Town"; Tuesday, January 6, "Sounds of the Country"; Thursday, January 8, "Sounds of the Sea"; and Saturday, January 10, "Sound in War."

PHAROS

I.

THE career of Menelaus was a series of small mishaps. It was after he had lost Helen, and indeed after he had recovered her and was returning from Troy, that a breeze arose from the north-west and obliged him to take refuge upon a desert island. It was of limestone, close to the African coast, and to the estuary though not to the exit of the Nile, and it was protected from the Mediterranean by an outer barrier of reefs. Here he remained for twenty days, in no danger, but in high discomfort, for the accommodation was insufficient for the queen. Helen had been to Egypt ten years before, under the larger guidance of Paris, and she could not but remark that there was nothing to see upon the island and nothing to eat and that its beaches were infested with seals. Action must be taken, Menelaus decided. He sought the sky and sea, and chancing at last to apprehend an old man he addressed to him the following winged word:

"What island is this?"

"Pharaoh's," the old man replied

"Pharos?"

"Yes, Pharaoh's." And to clinch the matter the old man added "Prouti's"—Prouti being another title (it occurs in the hieroglyphs) for the Egyptian king. "Proteus," echoed Menelaus, whereupon the wind changed and he returned to Greece with news of an island named Pharos whose old man was called Proteus and whose beaches were infested with nymphs. Under such misunderstandings did it enter our geography.

Pharos was hammer-headed, and long before Menelaus landed some unknown power—Cretan—Atlantean—had fastened a harbour against its western promontory. To the golden-haired king, as to us, the works of that harbour showed only as ochreous patches and lines beneath the dancing waves, for the island has always been sinking, and the quays, jetties, and double breakwater of its prehistoric port can only be touched by the swimmer now. Already was their existence forgotten, and it was on the other promontory—the eastern—that the sun of history arose, never to set. Alexander the Great came here. Philhellene, he proposed to build a Greek city upon Pharos. But to a young man who had conquered half Persia and all Egypt, who was to conquer all Persia and be saluted as the Son of God, who was to prepare, before he died, for the conquest of the Kingdoms of the Night and the Day, the ridge of an island proved too narrow a site, and the new city was finally built upon the opposing coast—Alexandria. Pharos, tethered to Alexandria by a long causeway, became part of the larger scheme and only once re-entered Alexander's mind: he thought of it at the death of Hephestion, as he thought of all holy or delectable spots, and he arranged that upon its distant shore a shrine should commemorate his friend, and reverberate the grief that had convulsed Ecbatana and Babylon.

Meanwhile the Jews had been attentive. The Jews, too, liked delectable spots. Deeply as they were devoted to Jehovah, they had ever felt it their duty to leave his city when they could, and as soon as

Alexandria began to develop they descended upon her markets with polite cries. They found so much to do that they decided against returning to Jerusalem, and met so many Greeks that they forgot how to speak Hebrew. They speculated in theology and grain, they lent money to Ptolemy the king, and filled him (they tell us) with such enthusiasm for their religion that he commanded them to translate their Scriptures at once. He himself selected the translators, and assigned as the scene of their labours the island of Pharos because it was less noisy than the mainland. Here he shut up seventy rabbis in seventy huts, whence in an incredibly short space of time they emerged with seventy identical translations of the Bible. Everything corresponded down to the least accent. Even when they slipped they made seventy slips, and Greek literature was at last enriched by the possession of an inspired book. It was left to later generations to pry into Jehovah's scholarship and to deduce that the Septuagint translation must have extended over a long period and not have reached completion till 100 B.C. The Jews of Alexandria knew no such doubts. Every year they made holiday on Pharos in remembrance of the miracle, and built little booths along the beaches where Helen had once shuddered at the seals. The island became a second Sinai whose moderate thunders thrilled the cultivated world. A translation, even when it is the work of God, is never as intimidating as an original; and the unknown author of the "Wisdom of Solomon" shows, in his delicious but dubious numbers, how unalarming even an original could be when it was composed at Alexandria:

Let us enjoy the good things that are present, and let us speedily use the creatures like as in youth.

Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us.

Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered.

Let none of us go without his part in our voluptuousness, let us leave tokens of our joyfulness in every place, for this is our portion and our lot is this.

It is true that, pulling himself together, the writer goes on to remind us that the above remarks are not an elegy on Alexander and Hephæstion, but an indictment of the ungodly, and must be read sarcastically.

Such things they did imagine and were deceived, for their own wickedness hath blinded them.

As for the mysteries of God they knew them not, neither hoped they for the wages of righteousness nor discerned a reward for blameless souls.

For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be the image of his own eternity.

But it is too late. And all racial and religious effort seemed too late. Though Pharos was not to be Greek it was not to be Hebrew either. A more impartial power dominated it. Five hundred feet above all shrines and huts and human hopes and tears, Science had already raised her throne.

E. M. FORSTER.

(To be continued.)

SIR JOHN MORRIS JONES, whose "Welsh Grammar" was published in 1913, has been engaged of late upon a more elementary book which the Oxford University Press hopes to publish before long. The new grammar is not an abridgment of the larger book, but a completely independent work.

EDEN

Light as the ascended breath of snow
That climbs into the azure air
When Himalayan peaks are bare,
And all their gloom-built gullies know
The warmth of spring; and virginal
As the white paps of Eve unwed,
In Eden-bower the blossoms were:
Their pearly lustre, half opaque,
Pied with pink stain and purple strake,
Drank up the liquid light that fed
Their green and leafy coronal
And in their matrix the faint stir
Of Life (that fallen Lucifer,
In likeness of a green-eyed snake,
Longed for) no motion made to strew
The ground beneath them; and the dew
Despoiled them not; nor butterfly
Their motionless tranquillity
Bowed; nor light-fingered airs that pass
Let fall one petal on the grass.
So calm it was in Eden-bower,
So heavenly calm by bush and brake,
Of beauty that completes the flower
They had not lost a single flake.
But, oh, how fugitive and brief
The perfect hour of bud and leaf!
Was it a breeze or a wild bird,
Or the maturer life within,
That first their infant slumber stirred;
Or Eve, when, bending down her chin,
She touched a blossom with her breath?
Five petals eddied to the earth;
And straightening out his monstrous girth,
Where coiled among green leaves he hid,
Down the smooth trunk the serpent slid,
And made partaker of his mirth
The destined Shadow men call Sin,
Who told it to his brother Death.

G. M. COOKSON.

AS THE WIND BLOWS

When the wind is in the North, I go forth
Where billows scourge and trample the grey beaches in
their wrath.

Earth and water are my body, and I feel, in blood and bone,
The rage of sea for empyr, the ache of stricken stone.

When the wind is in the South after drouth,
I, who pitied the earth's parching, have drunk deep with
the earth's mouth;

I have shared her thrill and wonder when the waters
were set free

And rains of dread roared overhead in chariots from
the sea.

When the wind is in the East rise a feast
Of visions, mother-planted, ere my body was released
Into life upon the rampart of an Indian mount of old,
Where I sucked milk down from a bosom brown and
smelled the marigold;

When the wind is in the West, that is best,
For he meets my path of roaming; he will haunt my
place of rest;

And I know, while yet I listen and give heed and under-
stand,

At a peaceful last, when the ordeal's past, my dust will
feel his hand.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

REVIEWS

THE PREACHER AS ARTIST

DONNE'S SERMONS. Selected Passages, with an Essay by Logan Pearsall Smith. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 6s. net.)

THE selection is well made, and should also convince the reader that it was worth making. To what Mr. Pearsall Smith has said there are no objections to be raised; there are only one or two critical codicils to be added.

Donne's prose is worth reading both because it is a significant moment in the history of English prose, and because it has at its best uncommon dignity and beauty—a style which gives at times what is always uncommon in the sermon, a direct personal communication. Mr. Pearsall Smith is quite aware of Donne's personality, and of the occasions on which it appears immediately in his prose with the same immediacy as in his verse. But we cannot appreciate the significance, the solitariness, of this personal expression in Donne's sermons unless we compare him with one or two of the great preachers of his time, the great preachers whose sermons were fine prose. The absence of such comparison is the single important defect of Mr. Pearsall Smith's introduction. Without it, we are not in a position to criticize Donne's style at all analytically; the comparative study would educe what is doubtless well known to Mr. Pearsall Smith, but not patent to the cultured reader: that a great deal in Donne's predicatorial style is traditional, and that some of the most praised passages are produced by a method which is more than traditional, which is immemorial, almost imposed by the sermon form. Not until we see this can we understand the difference between certain passages: the difference between Donne as an artist doing the traditional better than any one else had done it, and Donne putting into the sermon here and there what no one else had put into it.

Merely the fact that these are extracts, that you can extract from the sermons of Donne, is indicative. It is possible to select sermons of Bishop Latimer or Bishop Andrewes, but it would probably be futile to attempt to select passages out of the sermons. From one point of view, it is a disadvantage to Donne that it is possible to make excerpts from his sermons. The excerpts are enough to show Donne's place in English prose; but the sermon is a form of prose, the form in which Donne's prose was written. It follows that we cannot wholly apprehend Donne's prose without seeing the structure. For the Sermon was a form of literary art—"applied" art as the drama of Donne's day was applied art, applied poetry. And on the other hand, Donne had more in him than could be squeezed into the frame of this form: something which, if it does not crack the frame, at least gives it, now and then, a perceptible outward bulge. We must know what the sermon was, to know what Donne accomplished; and finally, to know what it was in Donne to which the sermon did not give free play. And perhaps this knowledge will supply a clue as to why the sermon is a difficult, perhaps the most difficult form of art; why compositions which were superlatively fine sermons possess none of the permanent qualities of the true work of art; and why Donne, who might have made a great prose art, failed to do so.

Hugh Latimer was a fine writer, and Lancelot Andrewes was a writer of genius. They both had gifts of style; in the style of Andrewes there are points which might very profitably be studied by any prose writer. They both wrote sermons which have beauty, though not the greatness of works of art; the gift of each of them was a gift for the sermon; they had nothing to say which could not be put into a very good sermon, no feelings which the

sermon could not satisfy. And many of the passages of Donne given by Mr. Pearsall Smith can be paralleled from Latimer or Andrewes; paralleled in such a way as to leave it open to us to think Donne better, but better only in the same kind. There are touches of poetry in Donne and in Andrewes. The following of Donne is pleasing:

If you be, when you are, remember that as in that good Custome in these Cities, you hear cheerful street musick in the winter mornings, but yet there was a sad and doleful bel-man, that wak'd you, and call'd upon you two or three hours before that musick came.

And also Andrewes:

Our fashion is to see and see again before we stir a foot, specially if it be to the worship of Christ. Come such a journey at such a time? No; but fairly have put it off to the spring of the year, till the days longer, and the ways fairer, and the weather warmer, till better travelling to Christ.

The odd syntax, the forceful phrase, must have been as effective spoken as they are read. This is positively Andrewes, as much as the other is positively Donne, and both are perfectly suited to the needs of the sermon.

But the selection No. 44 in Mr. Pearsall Smith's book, the famous "Mundus Mare," will illustrate, better than any other, Donne's execution of a usual sermon method. The method is a vivid figure of speech, an image developed at length with point by point reference to spiritual truth. The world is a sea, has ebbs and flows, storms and tempests, the greater fish devour the less; it is like the sea, no place of habitation, but a passage to our habitations. We fish in this sea for the souls of men; we fish with the Gospel of Christ Jesus. The net has leads, the denouncing of God's judgments, and corks, the power of absolution. It is easy to see the value of such analogy for the sermon. The sermon is not oratory: it aims not so much to persuade as to give a fresh emotional tone to what is accepted. Donne does this in a more masterly way than Latimer, but by the same method even in detail. The effect is obtained not only by the analogy, but by repetition of phrase like wave upon wave:

The world is a Sea, in many respects and assimilations. It is a Sea, as it is subject to stormes, and tempests. . . . So the world is a Sea. It is a Sea, as it is bottomlesse to any line. . . . So the world is a Sea. . . . All these wayes the world is a Sea, but especially it is a Sea in this respect, that the Sea is no place of habitation, but a passage to our habitations.

Compare Latimer in his Sermon on the Card:

Now turn up your trump, your heart (hearts is trump, as I said before), and cast your trump, your heart, on this card; and upon this card you shall learn what Christ requireth of a christian man.

The method—the analogy, and the repetition—is the same as that once used by a greater master of the sermon than either Donne or Andrewes or Latimer: it is the method of the Fire-Sermon preached by the Buddha.

As a writer of sermons, Donne is superior to Latimer, and more mature in style, if not more original or more important, than Andrewes. His style is nearer to Taylor or Browne than to either of these. He might be a little higher than any of these men, but in the same circle. But there are other passages, such as Mr. Pearsall Smith has done well to put first, which carry him out of it:

I am not all here, I am here now preaching upon this text, and I am at home in my library considering whether S. Gregory, or S. Hierome, have said best of this text, before. I am here speaking to you, and yet I consider by the way, in the same instant, what it is likely you will say to one another, when I have done, you are not all here neither; you are here now, hearing me, and yet you are thinking that you have heard a better sermon somewhere else, of this text before. . . . you are here, and you remember your selves that now ye think of it: This had been the fittest time, now, when every body else is at Church, to have made such and such a private visit; and because you would be there, you are there.

Things like this break, now and again, through the close convention of Elizabethan-Jacobean speech; they are rarer in the prose than in the verse. You will find as gorgeous or as marmoreal prose as Donne could write,

in Andrewes or in Hooker: as terse and as direct, here and there in Hakluyt or in Raleigh; but very seldom, in the prose of Donne's age, but seldom, as in this passage, the sense of the artist as an Eye curiously, patiently watching himself as a man. "There is the Ego, the particular, the individual, I." Donne was an Egoist, but not an egoist of the religious, the mystical type. Perhaps he was something less important. At all events he was something else; and it was an Ego which nowhere in his works finds complete expression, and only furtively in his sermons. "Amourous soule, ambitious soule, covetous soule, voluptuous soule, what wouldest thou have in heaven?" We should like to know that, but Donne cannot tell us. The difficulty is not to be laid solely to the charge of discerning, critical James I., who plucked Donne from the world and pushed him into a pulpit. We feel that English prose was not sufficiently developed, or developed in the right direction, for this introspective faculty of Donne to tell its tale. Montaigne was all right, but Donne did not find what he wanted; yet he had one of the finest brains of his time, perhaps the finest for its possible purpose. He does not fit: he is no Buddha, but certainly not an Andrewes either. But it would be a great injustice to him, and indeed to his editor as well, to regard him merely as the author of a considerable number of purple paragraphs. T. S. E.

DEAN DIOGENES

OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS. By W. R. Inge, D.D. (Longmans. 6s. net.)

DR. INGE more than once in these essays alludes to himself as a Platonist. The term seems hardly apt. Edward Caird has described another type of Hellenic thinker, to whom "the autonomy of the individual, his independence of anything but himself, seemed of itself to constitute that supreme good which Socrates had taught him to seek"; to whom, moreover, "every claim of society upon the individual, every custom, or law, or authority that demands the slightest deference from him, seems to be an outrage; and outrage must be met with outrage." It would not be fair to apply this account of the Cynic literally to the Dean of St. Paul's, but, as he emerges from his spacious tub on Ludgate Hill, to search despairingly by the light of one of his altar candles, not so much for an honest man as an honest movement, there is only one Greek philosopher of whom he reminds us, and that philosopher's name is not Plato.

Few writers can have indulged so much as Dr. Inge in the pleasure of contradiction. The Roman Catholic Church, which is studied from several points of view in this volume, stirs his abhorrence. The Vatican is "the worst form of State" which "can only be bolstered up by the worst form of government"; happily "the papal autocracy has now reached its Byzantine period of decadence." Yet, in writing of the Modernist movement which claimed to reform this state of things, Dr. Inge frowns upon the "rather shallow thinkers in this country" who sympathized with Modernism, and tells them that "the Roman Catholicism which has a future is probably that of Manning, and not that of Newman," and that the Latin Church "may even have a great future as the nucleus of a conservative resistance to the social revolution." At the same time Dr. Gore, trying to hold the "Via Media" between the conservatism of the Papacy and the radicalism of the Modernists, is pulled up short with the warning that "the Roman Church is in a much better position. The Pope may at any time interpret tradition in such a manner as to change it completely." Dr. Inge, it will be seen, has got past the old maxim applied to the Jesuits, "Sint ut sunt aut non sint." Alike as they are and as they might be, Roman and Anglican Catholics incur anathema. Nor is this verdict, as might perhaps be thought, the fruit of

blind devotion to our "National Church." "The Church of England," says the Dean of St. Paul's, "in its corporate capacity has never seemed to respect anything but organized force."

In judging of doctrines Dr. Inge is evidently convinced that the legitimacy of a belief depends a great deal upon its holder. When Newman wrote his essay on "Development," "it must have been plain to any candid student of Christian 'origins' that the Pauline Churches were far more Protestant than Catholic in type"; but when Dr. Inge writes of St. Paul (and he writes uncommonly well of him, it must be owned) there seems no harm in admitting that Pauline Christianity was a "mystery religion," and that "historically this type of Christianity was the origin of Catholicism, both Western and Eastern." Yet the documents have not changed. When the pragmatism of Newman is in question we are informed that "Newman's criteria of belief do seem incompatible with intellectual honesty," yet (on the very next page) we read of "the legitimate province of 'personalism,'" which lies, not in such details as "whether Christ was born at Bethlehem or Nazareth, or whether Nestorius was a heretic," but "in the region of general ideas, or rather in the *Weltanschauung* as a whole," enabling us to reject "materialism, metaphysical dualism, solipsism and pessimism," or "any philosophy which makes life irrational, or base, or incurably evil."

The key to this extraordinary type of guerilla warfare without a base is, of course, to be sought in the rooted conviction of a belated Victorian individualist that "institutionalism" (which in English means organized religion) must at all costs be blotted out. It is not surprising, therefore, that the political part of the volume is largely occupied with a polemic against Socialism. Dr. Inge, as is to be expected from one who lingers still in the 'fifties, has "not much fault to find with the old economists," but it really argues a superb insensibility to the lessons of experience to tell us, within a year of the victory won by England, France and the United States over the German and Austrian Empires, that "a democratic government is almost necessarily weak and timid," and that in a democracy "the executive must be unarmed and defenceless." If the Dean toys with eugenics, the only modern heresy for which he shows any tenderness, it seems to be because of the dim promise he finds in it of a coming age when

we shall have a comparatively small population, living mainly in the country and cultivating the fruits of the earth. It will be more like the England of the eighteenth century than the England which we know. . . . We may hope that some of our best families will determine to survive, *coute que coute*, until these better times arrive.

Among Dr. Inge's many virtues, which include critical acuteness, epigrammatic power and a remarkable ability to be fair to persons as distinct from causes that offend him, must be reckoned his fearlessness. Who but he would dare to write: "The landed gentry (and in honesty I must add the endowed clergy) are a survival of feudalism. . . . Both have to a large extent outlived their functions"? This cannot be a consoling thought, and with all respect, though it is the Dean who says it, *je n'en vois pas la nécessité*. His predecessor Dean Church did not hold this view, nor did the group of great Canons of St. Paul's, Liddon, Gregory and Scott Holland. They thought the endowed clergy had scarcely begun to live up to their functions. Perhaps their confidence was due to the fact that they were "institutionalists," not individualists, and did not think Christianity such a transcendental religion that "it is never likely to be a popular creed." If Dr. Inge—but we are on the verge of giving advice, and we have not forgotten what happened to King Alexander.

THE THREE GREAT CENTURIES

ITALY FROM DANTE TO TASSO. By H. B. Cotterill. (Harrap. 15s. net.)

WITH this the second volume of his History of Italy, Mr. Cotterill has completed the most difficult as well as the most important part of his task. The period that begins with Dante, and leaves Italy prostrate and exhausted at the feet of her Spanish-Austrian masters, contains within it virtually the whole of the priceless gift she had to bestow upon mankind. Since then she has been a follower rather than a leader. These centuries, to which all lovers of Italy must inevitably turn, are no less inevitably at once the pride and the despair of the modern Italian, who, conscious of the wonderful progress of recent years, bitterly resents the tendency to see in him nothing but the picturesque custodian of a beautiful museum, accompanied by a mild surprise at his claims to play an active part in the world of to-day. However, let us hope that this attitude has vanished for ever with the war.

Few of the many writers and readers in England or elsewhere who are attracted by the Italian Renaissance have the courage to tackle it as a whole. They are generally content with monographs dealing with particular aspects or individuals, or with histories of the various states, in which it is, of course, impossible to see the rest of the peninsula in its true perspective, while literature and art are often studied in watertight compartments apart from the general history. Mr. Cotterill also finds himself compelled to work on somewhat similar lines. He prefaces each century with a brief historical introduction, and then proceeds to describe the more important events under the various cities. He has space for only brief summaries. It gives one a shock to read that the life-and-death struggle between Venice and Genoa in the War of Chioggia "may well engage our attention for a few minutes." But he never for a moment loses his grip on his subject as a whole. He is not afraid of repeating himself, continually reminding us how an event in one chapter appears in the history of another city, and thus enables to keep in view the interplay of the various states. Though separate chapters are devoted to art and literature, they are not isolated, but run like a golden thread through his whole fabric. He reminds one of an expert juggler, keeping all his balls or knives in the air at once with a skill that can only come from long familiarity with his subject.

One thing stands out clearly from the story of these years, and that is the utter futility at that time of the dream of the possibility of a united Italy. In the first place any attempt to realize it would have been hopelessly blighted by the terrible canker of the Papacy, whose evil influence has not even yet been altogether destroyed. Then so intense was the centrifugal vigour of quite small towns that it was often only by slow degrees and after desperate struggles that the larger ones were able to absorb them and consolidate themselves into something like states. The mutual jealousies of the despots were such that they would have preferred to fall into the hands of a foreign power rather than to submit to the rule of another Italian. There were times when one of the petty princes appeared to be on the verge of success, notably Gian Galeazzo Visconti of Milan, yet their conquests invariably fell to pieces at their deaths. But the distracted state of the country easily explains the persistence of this old Ghibelline dream, as expressed by Fazio degli Uberti:

O figliuol mio, da quanta crudel guerra
Tutti insieme verremo a dolce pace,
Se Italia soggiace
A un sol re.

Brute force alone could have effected even an appearance

of unity. It was infinitely more true of these years than during the early nineteenth century that there were no Italians. Indeed, except in the more backward regions like the Kingdom of Naples, there could hardly be said to exist even a provincial feeling, while almost every city was hopelessly divided against itself.

It is not for her political wisdom that we are attracted to Italy at this time. A more tragic record of political incompetence than that contained in this volume it would be difficult to find. Venice is the one exception. Everyone who knows anything of Italian history will remember the relief with which he turned to the story of her capable oligarchy. Like other states, she was guided largely by self-interest. She took advantage of the Fourth Crusade to capture Constantinople. But once the Mohammedan power became really dangerous, she remained the one bulwark of Christendom against its advance. For the greater part of the time she was obliged to fight single-handed, for Italy, and, indeed, the rest of Europe, were far too engrossed with their private quarrels to come to her aid when a conscientious Pope tried to support her by preaching a new crusade. It is true that at one time she allowed the Turk to gain a footing at Otranto and saved her Levantine empire by a secret treaty with Mohammed II., but such occasional lapses do not vitiate her right to our gratitude. And the Italian nationalist claim to Dalmatia is largely based upon the fact that it was the bastion she erected to protect Italy from the Turk. Mr. Cotterill blames Venice for not having learned thus early, the lesson taught us centuries later by the revolt of the American colonies, but when we remember that throughout this whole period the conspiracy of Marino Faliero was the one serious danger that threatened the state from within, and compare the stability of the Venetian government with that of the others here described, we begin to realize that this was the only corner of the peninsula which might claim to have inherited some of the genius of Rome. And yet Venice played her part in the wars on the mainland, successfully weathering the storm caused by the League of Cambrai and acquiring the largest slice of terra firma that fell to the lot of any single Italian state.

Italy's real unity lay in another sphere, in her great heritage of art and literature. This is, indeed, implied in the title of the volume before us, though, had it been possible, the names of two artists would have expressed the true state of affairs even better; for Italian supremacy in the realm of art is far more absolute than in that of literature. Would it occur to anyone to call a general history of England "From Spenser to Wordsworth"? Yet Mr. Cotterill's title is in every way appropriate. And the gravest objection to any attempt at political union at this time is that it would have proved fatal to this higher unity of the spirit. Naturally Mr. Cotterill lingers lovingly over the Florence of Lorenzo dei Medici or the Milan of the Sforzas, though the Papacy of Leo X. does not attract him like the Rome of Nicholas V. He is too deeply conscious of the prevailing corruption. Here again Venice, with her Oriental bias, stands rather apart. The great influences in painting and sculpture seemed to reach her later than the other cities; and though she more than held her own in these spheres and in her enthusiasm for the Humanist revival of learning, she produced no writer of the first rank. Our author, while giving due weight to the importance of the influence of antiquity, is careful to make it clear that, until it began to degenerate, the Italian Renaissance was essentially original. To the poets, artists, sculptors and architects of the great period their classical predecessors were quarries from which to dig their material, just as the statues and the finest buildings of ancient Rome supplied the Popes,

who undoubtedly did more harm to the monuments of the old world than all the barbarian invaders, with the lime and the stone for the magnificent churches and palaces we admire to-day.

We should be inclined to trust Mr. Cotterill further in art than in literature. He is, for instance, unable to appreciate Ariosto, cutting him off with a bare page and a half, whereas Michelangelo's poems are treated at considerable length. And he appears to write of art with more genuine enthusiasm and knowledge than of literature. His style improves noticeably as he proceeds, and he lays aside to some extent his irritating habit of breaking into the historic present on the slightest provocation. As he admits in the preface, he has little idiosyncrasies of his own in the use of Italian proper names. But as a whole the book is thoroughly sound and useful. The photographs are suitably chosen, and there are good chronological tables, lists of artists and genealogies of the chief reigning houses.

L. C.-M.

SATIRE AND NATIVE WOODNOTES

ARGONAUT AND JUGGERNAUT. By Osbert Sitwell. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF FRANCIS LEDWIDGE. With Introductions by Lord Dunsany. (Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE are grateful to Mr. Sitwell for having revived one of the most respectable of our home industries, the writing of satire. A century has passed since Byron lashed "the intellectual eunuch, Castlereagh," and with his paper bullets bombarded the iron flanks of the great Duke—a century that has produced great literature in almost every kind except the satiric. That great tradition of ironic poetry that began with Donne, was passed on by Cleveland, Oldham and Marvell to Dryden, that inspired a hundred minor Pordages and Settles in those politically uneasy years of the Restoration, and flourished in the hands of Defoe and Pope and Churchill throughout the eighteenth century, was allowed in the Victorian age to expire into unproductive insignificance. One wonders why. For no age, not even the Victorian, is without subjects for satirical treatment. "Fool," says the Sidneian Muse, "look at our politicians and write." Mr. Sitwell has taken her advice, has looked at the war, at the Great British Public and the Great British Statesmen, and penned on these congenial themes a series of admirably witty verses. This modernized version of "The True-Born Englishman" is a good example of Mr. Sitwell's satiric method:

We are the greatest sheep in the world;
There are no sheep like us.
We come of an imperial bleat . . .

Then the black lamb asked,
Saying, "Why did we start this glorious Gadarene descent?"
And the herd bleated angrily,
"We went in with clean feet,
And we will come out with empty heads . . .
We are stampeding to end stampedes,
We are fighting for lambs
Who are never likely to be born."

Some will applaud Mr. Sitwell's political sentiments; others, when they read such things as "Sheep Song," will be profoundly irritated. The intensity of their irritation will be the measure of Mr. Sitwell's success as a writer of satire.

When we turn from Mr. Sitwell's satirical to what we may be permitted to call his "poetical" poems, we are less certain in our appreciation and enjoyment. Every here and there we find a poem, like "Clavichord" or "From Carcassonne," in which the emotions evoked by beauty are expressed as adequately and with the same precise economy as are the ironies of the political verses.

But in most of them we are surprised at the absence of those qualities of precision, point and critical certainty which, tuned in the key of comedy, appear in his satire as wit. He drifts in an aimless sort of way from the vague lusciousness of, say, "Cornucopia" to the vague horror of

Round the great ruins crawl those things of slime.

We have read poems of this kind a hundred times before; have seen them fitted out more handsomely in technical forms of finer workmanship than Mr. Sitwell's. Judging from the curious mixture of originality with the most outworn poetical formulas, we should imagine that Mr. Sitwell was very little critical of himself. The same economy and epigrammatic wit which make the "Juggernaut" part of his volume so admirable must be applied to the Argonautical themes of romance. This Mr. Sitwell has succeeded in doing only occasionally and almost as though by accident. If he will carry out the process habitually and consciously, he should end by making himself a complete poet, able to sing of the Golden Fleece as worthily as of the folly and cruelty of Juggernaut.

It is just those qualities in which Mr. Sitwell's non-satirical poems are wanting, that make Francis Ledwidge's work, at its best moments, so remarkable. Turning the pages of his book, one comes upon such things as this:

And then three syllables of melody
Dropped from a blackbird's flute, and died apart
Far in the dewy dark.

Or, more rarely, one finds a whole poem in which the same intensity and weight of expression, the same mastery of words and music, are kept up from beginning to end. Here is one:

I roamed the woods to-day and seemed to hear,
As Dante heard, the voice of suffering trees.
The twisted roots seemed bare contorted knees,
The bark was full of faces strange with fear.

I hurried home still wrapt in that dark spell,
And all the night upon the world's great lie
I pondered, and a voice seemed whispering nigh,
"You died long since, and all this thing is hell!"

As a rule Ledwidge achieves this felicity of expression only in isolated lines, in here and there a sentence or a phrase. His scope was limited. Trees, flowers and the recurring seasons were his theme. But he evidently believed in these things, and did not write of nature because, since Wordsworth's day, it is the correct thing to do. He possessed that natural desire and that natural gift of expression which seem to be born in human beings as it were casually, and with no particular regard to the fact that these people may have nothing to express. The autobiography of Mrs. Wilcox proved that she possessed from earliest youth an irresistible desire to express herself, a genuine inspiration, a divine afflatus. And express herself she did, giving immortal and definitive utterance to those thoughts and emotions of the servants' hall which filled her teeming brain. Ledwidge was a countryman and loved the country; the desire to express himself came, and he moulded into what are often exquisite forms the simple country thoughts which were natural in him. That his will to express was to some extent canalized and given its direction by the example of Keats is obvious. But Ledwidge was in no sense a mere imitator of Keats. What is essential in his gift was inborn. Had he lived, he would, no doubt, have developed and improved this natural power. He has left behind him enough finished poetry, and enough that is fragmentary and embryonic poetry, to show what he might have done.

MR. AND MRS. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH and their children will give a performance of music and dances of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with the lute, viols, virginals, etc., in the hall of the Art Workers' Guild, 8, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, on Wednesday, December 3, at 5.15.

SOME ASPECTS OF DOSTOEVSKY

AN HONEST THIEF; AND OTHER STORIES. By Fyodor Dostoevsky.
From the Russian by Constance Garnett. (Heinemann
6s. net.)

IF we view it from a certain angle, it is not at all impossible to see in Dostoevsky's influence upon the English intellectuals of to-day the bones of a marvellously typical Dostoevsky novel. Supposing we select London for his small provincial town and his arrival for the agitating occurrence—could he himself exaggerate the discussions he has provoked, the expenditure of enthusiasm and vituperation, the mental running to and fro, the parties that have been given in his honour, the added confusion of several young gentlemen-writers declaring (in strict confidence) that they were the real Dostoevsky, the fascinating arguments as to whether or no he is greater than Jane Austen (what would Jane Austen have said to the bugs and the onions and the living in corners!), the sight of our young egoists puffing up like undismayed frogs, and of our superior inner circle who are not unwilling to admit that he has a considerable amount of crude strength before returning to their eighteenth-century muttons?

Ohé Dostoevsky! Oû est Dostoevsky?
As-tu vu Dostoevsky?

Few indeed have so much as caught a glimpse of him. What would be the end of such a novel? His disappearance without doubt, leaving no trace but a feeling of, on the whole, very lively relief. For if we do not take him superficially, there is nothing for us to do but to take him terribly seriously, but to consider whether it is possible for us to go on writing our novels as if he never had been. This is not only a bitterly uncomfortable prospect; it is positively dangerous; it might very well end in the majority of our young writers finding themselves naked and shivering, without a book to clothe themselves in.

However, the danger is not a real one. There are signs that the fashion for him is on the wane. How otherwise can we interpret the avidity with which opinion seizes upon the less important, extravagant side of Dostoevsky, making much of it, making much of that and ignoring all else, than that it has had its fright, as it were, but now has been assured that the monster at the fair will not remain? But a remarkable feature of this parade of intellectual snobbishness, this laughing at the Russian giant, is that the writers appear to imagine that they laugh alone—that Dostoevsky had no idea of the exquisite humour of such a character as Stepan Trofimovitch, with his summer sickness, his breaking into French and his flight from civilization in a pair of top-boots, or that he regarded the super-absurdities of Prince K. as other than quite normal characteristics. It is true that especially in some of the short stories we may find his sense of humour terribly jars on us, but that is when the humour is "false"; it is exasperation disguised, an overwhelming nostalgia and bitterness disguised or an attempt at a sense of fun, in which never was man more wanting. Then, again, to laugh with Dostoevsky is not always a comfortable exercise for one's pride. For he has the—surely unpardonable—habit of describing at length, minutely, the infinitely preposterous states of mind of some poor wretch, not as though he were "showing us a star," but with many a familiar nod and look in our direction, as much as to say: "But you know yourself from your own experience what it is to feel like this."

There is a story, "An Unpleasant Predicament," in this collection which is a terrible example of this. It relates how a young general, exasperated by an evening with two elder colleagues whom he suspects of treating him like a schoolboy and laughing at him because of his elief in the new ideas, in humanity and sympathy with

the working classes, yields to the temptation on the way home of putting himself to the test, of proving to his Amour Propre that he really is the fine fellow she thinks him to be. Why should he do anything so dangerous? He knows in his heart that he does not believe in any of these things, and yet isn't it possible for him to impose this idea of himself on anybody he chooses? And why should he not slay reality as an offering to his goddess? The revenge that reality takes upon Ivan Ilyitch Pralinsky is wild and violent and remote enough from our experience, and yet who can read it and not be overcome by the feeling that he understands only too well . . .

Perhaps Dostoevsky more than any other writer sets up this mysterious relationship with the reader, this sense of *sharing*. We are never conscious that he is writing at us or for us. While we read, we are like children to whom one tells a tale; we seem in some strange way to half-know what is coming and yet we do not know; to have heard it all before, and yet our amazement is none the less, and when it is over, it has become ours. This is especially true of the Dostoevsky who passes so unremarked—the childlike, candid, simple Dostoevsky who wrote "An Honest Thief" and "The Peasant Marly" and "The Dream of a Queer Fellow." These three wonderful stories have all the same quality, a stillness, a quiet that takes the breath. What have they to do with our time? They are full of the tragic candour of love. There is only one other man who could have written the death of Emelyanouska, as described by the poor little tailor:

I saw Emelyanouska wanted to tell me something; he was trying to sit up, trying to speak, and mumbling something. He flushed red all over suddenly, looked at me . . . then I saw him turn white again, whiter and whiter, and he seemed to sink away all in a minute. His head fell back, he drew one breath and gave up his soul to God.

K. M.

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY By H. G. Wells. Part I. (Newnes. 1s. 2d. net.)—In an age of tired, disillusioned men Mr. Wells is refreshing. His most characteristic books always give one the impression of travelling easily and swiftly along a stream that runs through a most exciting country. He is a guide to magnificent vistas. In "Anticipations" he talked to us about the views that lie ahead, and immediately our own humdrum pilgrimage became romantic. In the present work he has inverted the method; he proposes to show us the way we have come. He will not, like other historians, conduct us through evil-smelling, stuffy by-paths and finally land us in the Slough of Despond. He takes us out on the broad highway; we start with a ball of fiery mist; we watch the first stirrings of life in the Paleozoic seas; even the shape of the earth's orbit ministers to the making of man. He promises to tell us things the other historians never mention, and, still better, to ignore many of the things they bore us with. We could not desire a more stimulating guide, and as for that question of competence, we do not imagine that Mr. Wells will often be caught tripping. Specialists have read every chapter, and Mr. Wells will not base his case on disputable points. For, of course, he has a case. We do not know exactly what picture of the progress of mankind will emerge from the completed work, but we know that the nationalists and separatists of all sorts will have their task made harder. We shall see a "single conception" and an "identical law" as promised at the top of the Introduction. "From the Gorilla to Man," said Kirillov, "and from Man to —." "The Gorilla?" asked Stavrogin. "— To God," said Kirillov. Mr. Wells is on the side of Kirillov, and the Stavrogins will be left to sneer in the outer darkness.

A history of this kind is just what is wanted at the present day. After all, we all live on the same little planet, we are all members of the same species, and it will be very interesting to see how we travelled from our starting-point to where we are now. There are now sufficient scientific and historical data to make the attempt possible; it is time we had a glimpse of the wood; we have had innumerable examinations of the separate trees.

HOW GREAT MEN ARE EXPECTED TO FEEL

MOMENTS OF GENIUS. By Arthur Lynch. (Philip Allan & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE notion of "genius" is one which has become rather *démodé*. Our grandfathers appear to have believed that men of genius were a definitely distinguishable class, possessing some attribute or faculty denied to ordinary mortals. They were expected to be passionate and strange, inspired at some moments, but at ordinary times rather mad. The Victorian Age expected everybody to live up to his rôle, and loved to express astonishment when its expectations were fulfilled. It enjoyed dwelling upon the thought of Beethoven composing music after he had grown deaf, and it was fond of observing—daring paradox!—that men remarkable for wit are often melancholy. The attitude of the Victorians towards those whom they regarded as men of genius was similar to ours towards a conjurer: we expect him to astonish us, and when he brings rabbits out of top-hats we are duly astonished. We do not wish to know how it is done, or how he spends his time when he is not conjuring. So the Victorians preferred that genius should remain a mystery, and were only interested in the man of genius during his moments of "inspiration."

In actual fact, it is difficult to find much in common among different men of genius. Michelangelo and Beethoven come up to the popular conception, but Newton fails in every way: so far as character and feelings are concerned, he was a typical don, just like thousands who since his day have adorned the High Tables of Oxford and Cambridge. Some men of genius have been passionate, others have been serene; some have been turbulent, others full of prudence and models of correct behaviour. Rare and astonishing abilities are not enough to constitute what is called genius; from this point of view, calculating boys surpass almost all the recognized examples except Mozart. Genius is only allowed to a man whose abilities make some notable difference in the world, by providing new joys or sorrows on a large scale. The most universal characteristic of men of genius would seem to be the capacity to be intensely interested in their own imaginings, and to relate their imaginings to future reality by their achievements. In regard to imagination alone, they are not distinguished from lunatics; it is the power to embody their imagination in the world that distinguishes them.

This book has the old-fashioned flavour of Browning's "Men and Women" or Carlyle's "Heroes." Its men of genius always think and feel what is correct—usually what they have told us they have felt. The author seems to us to have far too much faith in self-revelation. Confession and autobiography are hardly ever truthful: sometimes they are boastful, sometimes designed to secure a reputation for humility, sometimes (especially in our day) falsified with a view to seeming true to persons who fancy they have seen through humbug. Mr. Lynch, however, thinks otherwise. Wherever such a method is available, he accepts a man's own account of the greatest moment of his life, and exhibits it with whatever ornamentation it seems to him to demand. We may illustrate his method by its application to Dante. "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita" becomes:

Dante was in his thirty-fifth year: thirteen centuries had revolved since the birth of Christ. It was the turning-point of the poet's career. The hot flames of his early years were burning with less imperious force . . .

And so on.

"Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura" becomes:

Dante had retired to the forest, and wandering on, alone, and almost unobservant of the outward things, he had reached a spot

whose thick continuous shadows excluded the noon-day sun. The deep calm of the scene impressed him, his mind followed its bent, his thoughts deepened into sombre musings.

A few more lines of Dante supply material for the remaining pages. We do not feel that we are very greatly helped to an understanding of Dante's work or character.

The book is remarkable in two respects. One of these is the selection of representatives of genius, which is: Julius Cæsar, Buonaparte, Demosthenes, Danton, Zeno, Saint Just, Mnesarete, Frank Hewitt, Carpeaux, Albert Moore, Dante, Camoens, Milton, Keats, Aristotle, Descartes, Niels Henrik Abel, Galois, Schwann, Darwin. The other remarkable feature of the work is a publishers' preface saying what a good book it is.

THE DANGER OF PHONETICS

ON ENGLISH HOMOPHONES. By Robert Bridges. "S.P.E." Tract II. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

IF anybody, after reading the second publication of the Society for Pure English (the first contained only a manifesto and a list of members), were to venture on the couplet

Who is't that dangers do environ? He
Who wields that two-edged weapon, irony,

he might be in danger of expulsion from, or blackballing at, the Society itself. But he might also plead, not merely a Hudibrastic justification, but a double inducement in Mr. Bridges's tract. In the first place, the parody suggests, though it does not completely exemplify, the signification of "homophone." This is not an instrument of any kind, but a word which is pronounced in exactly the same fashion as another word, though it has an entirely different meaning and origin. Thus "bell" and "ball" in their various senses are not homophones, because these various senses are all connected; but "arc" and "ark" are. The Poet Laureate has drawn up a classified list of words of this kind, to which, as a kind, he strongly objects, and which he regards as a "defect" and a "nuisance" in the language. Now nobody writes better English than Mr. Bridges, and very few people indeed have an equal title to speak about it. But if one cannot say that he resembles another Oxford man of less blameless literary and moral character in disliking things without being able to tell the reason, he is perhaps sometimes given to disliking them for reasons which do not seem irresistibly cogent to other people. What is the harm, to any person possessing brains enough not to take up the poker when he means the tongs, of a language that possesses the same word "caper" for a skip and a condimentary vegetable; the same sound, if not the same word—"fir," "fur"—for a tree and a skin-covering? In the second case people have eyes as well as ears; even in the first these homophones supply an excellent instrument of real education by teaching folk early to recognize differences. For in this recognition of real difference under simulated likeness lies the major process of all possible intellectual development; and it is in this fact that the stupidity and ruination of all equalizing and simplifying theories consist. Therefore, *prima facie*, one may not agree with Mr. Bridges in disliking homophones.

But in the early part of the tract there may (also at first sight) appear a much more serious and even horrifying occasion of disagreement. For Mr. Bridges admits into his list pairs against the homophony of which the gorge of every pure pronouncer of English will rise. "Barren" and "baron," "hoar" and "haw," "source" and "saucy," "valley" and "valet," "war" and "wore" appear. And not only does he register these abominations, side by side and unstigmatized with the real homophones, but for pages on pages he makes no protest of any kind against the authorization of them; and at last declares

than when Mr. Daniel Jones of the "Phonetic Dictionary" says that "obloquy" and "parasite" are pronounced in their second syllable by educated Londoners with the same sound, and that sound "er," "then it is true that they are so pronounced."

At this point the night of simple horror begins to be illuminated by a dawn of suspicion, and one very soon perceives that Mr. Bridges has hitherto been ironizing. Then the tract changes into a direct polemic against the vulgarization itself, which of course is prolific in illicit homophony.

For this everyone interested in pure English, whether he likes the homophone as a homophone or not, must be only too well aware that there is very great need. Phoneticians, sometimes themselves of German origin, and in almost all cases German-taught, have long been at work to degrade and ruin our speech in this fashion; and by some operation of the "temporary supremacy of the Devil" they have to a great extent got hold of schools and text-books. It should be hardly needful to observe that the "educated Londoner" who says "oblerquy" and "parersite"—though he may have been born and have lived in any London district from Holloway to Hammersmith, and from Bayswater to Blackheath, though he may have gone through any amount of so-called education from primary to academic—is merely an uneducated Cockney. Fortunately there are reasons for believing that the corruption is less widespread than Mr. Jones seems to believe, if not to boast, and Mr. Bridges to admit in spite of his condemnation of it. That it appears so frequently and so prominently in the books of phoneticians themselves may be due to foreign origin in some cases, to unfortunate early associations in others, to dullness of ear in a good many, and perhaps in some mainly to the inadequacy of the means of reproduction or representation of sound. One has of course heard it in places where it most specially should *not* be—in theatres, academic and other, in pulpits, in debating societies from that at Westminster downwards, and elsewhere. That a certain tendency towards it in the shape of insufficient distinction of vowel-sounds exists, cannot be denied. But it certainly does not prevail largely in speakers of the better class, and one may hope that Mr. Bridges's protest will be taken up and carried further, so that it never may. "In the good days, the days of old," any grammar-school master who deserved to be in his position would have rewarded "oblerquy" with at least one smart cut of the cane. Possibly that might mean a summons for assault now. But at least it is possible to point out to the culprit that he is "a little vulgar boy," and that if he goes on in that fashion, no respectable God will ask him to dinner nor any desirable Goddess be kind to him.

And let us, in conclusion, be wholly serious. Pronouncing dictionaries always have been, and are now more than ever, a delusion and a snare. In fact they address themselves to the wrong organ. The spelling of a real language—one consisting not of counters or symbols, but of live words with a life-history—is a matter for the eye, assisted by good literary and historical education. Its pronunciation is one wholly for the ear, guided by the actual speech of well-educated and well-bred persons. This, while the pronouncing dictionary can never fully reproduce, it may, and does too often, hopelessly and hideously misrepresent.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

WE have received from the Poetry Bookshop a set of Rhyme Sheets (New Series). They are finely printed and for the most part charmingly illustrated in colours. The rhymes reprinted are taken from Campion, Drayton, Drummond, Fletcher, Flatman, T. E. Brown, and they are illustrated by John Nash, Paul Nash, Lovat Fraser, Rupert Lee and others.

THE NATURAL MAN

A CRITIC IN PALL MALL. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen. 6s. 6d. net.)

THE extent to which Wilde was a deliberate *poseur* is made very clear by this book, for here there is very little pose. Wilde is so associated with a manner and a formula that one always thinks of him in his public, gladiatorial aspect. The reminiscences and appreciations of him that are published naturally emphasize this assumed character of his, for it furnishes good stories. In these reviews, chiefly from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we see Wilde as a critic with strong common sense, general good taste and with an outlook on life and literature sufficiently ordinary to be indistinguishable from that of half-a-hundred other critics of his time and of ours. With very little subediting, the deletion of a few "purples" and forced alliterations, these reviews would pass for indistinguishably good work in any of our respectable literary reviews. There is no reason, except that of their authorship, why they should be reprinted. He is never very wrong and he is never startlingly right. He writes quite sensibly and without affectation about Pater, Henley, George Sand, Balzac, Mrs. Somerville, the early Mr. Yeats, Swinburne and Dostoevsky. If he had been more than a good, competent reviewer, he might have seen more in Dostoevsky than he did. But he was writing in 1887; "Crime and Punishment" and "Injury and Insult," in the Vizetelly translation, was all he knew of Dostoevsky. He ranked him with Balzac and George Eliot, and that, for his time, is a sound although not an inspired judgment. Even his "wit," although usually flat, is sometimes effective. His description of M. Caro's book on George Sand as "the biography of a very great man from the pen of a very ladylike writer" still has some pungency.

The "Sententiæ," printed at the end of the volume, are, on the other hand, in the familiar Wilde manner. In the reviews from which they are extracted they rouse only a momentary irritation, but, underlined in this way, they clash with the general sober effect of the volume. But we suppose the readers of Wilde insist on his doing his "turn." How sober the reviews are in general may be judged from this collection. The collector was hard put to it who had to single out such remarks as "I have seen many audiences more interesting than the actors, and have often heard better dialogue in the *foyer* than I have on the stage." "Lounging in the open air is not a bad school for poets, but it largely depends on the lounge."

The man who can earn applause by this kind of thing naturally becomes lazy. It is easier to stand a popular opinion on its head than to understand it, and it is easier to write alliterative sentences than to write well. Wilde, being a lazy man and eager for social success, found that the minimum of effort produced the maximum of effect, a fact which is much more a criticism of his age than of himself. As an honest, conscientious man he would have been a failure, for he was not a great man. He gave his contemporaries what they wanted and what, very likely, they deserved. It is easy to sneer at Wilde now, but, after all, it is only the dialect that has changed. Wilde would be just as big a success to-day; he was an adaptable creature. Without his common sense and discrimination he could not have summed up his age and learned his part. These qualities made his success possible; they were the frame on which he draped his tinselled cloth. The present book shows us that the foundations were reasonably sound.

A MEETING of the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies will be held on Tuesday, December 2, at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House. Sir W. M. Ramsay will lecture on "Some Results of the Excavations at Pisidian Antioch." The chair will be taken at 4.30.

CONTROL AND ENTHUSIASM

TRUE LOVE. By Allan Monkhouse. (Collins. 7s. net.)
 CHILDREN OF NO MAN'S LAND. By G. B. Stern. (Duckworth, 7s. net.)

MR. MONKHOUSE is an author who drives a pen well under control. It is, we feel, a trained obedient pen, warranted neither to idle nor to run away, but to keep up a good round pace from the first moment of the journey until the last. While it has long since been broken of any inclination to shy at an occasional accidental object it is by no means wholly devoid of playfulness. This playfulness serves to illustrate how nice is the author's control in that he can afford not only to tolerate, but even to encourage it, while maintaining an easy equable measure. There is a moment when Geoffrey Arden, the hero, dismissing the reasons for his confidence in the success of his new play, exclaims to his sister, "I'm a bit of a pro. at this game, Mary." And that, with all respect to Mr. Monkhouse, is the abiding impression he leaves on us. He is a professional novelist, quietly confident, carefully ironical, and choosing always, at a crisis, to underrate the seriousness of the situation rather than to stress it unduly. Admirable as this temper undoubtedly is, it nevertheless leaves the reader a great deal cooler than he would wish. He is interested, stimulated, and even, towards the latter half of the book, moved, yet with what reservations! There is a title which the amateur novelist shares (but how differently!) with the true artist: it is that of experimentalist. However deep the knowledge a writer has of his characters, however finely he may convey that knowledge to us, it is only when he passes beyond it, when he begins to break new ground, to discover for himself, to experiment, that we are enthralled. The "false" writer begins as an experimentalist; the true artist ends as one; but between these two there are a small number of writers of unquestionable honesty and sincerity who do not feel the impulsion toward unknown issues. It follows that in novels of this kind there is room for most delicate distinctions, but high excitements are out of place; all is, as it were, at second-hand, and while we are not expected to share the experience with the author, he would seem, by the care he takes never to make an unguarded statement, to expect of us a kind of intellectual running commentary. "True Love" is an extremely good example of this peculiar kind of novel. We are conscious throughout of the author's attitude, of his vein of irony which gives an edge to what might otherwise appear a trifle "simple," and of his generous appreciation of all the possibilities of a man like Arden. His scene is Manchester, its journalistic circles and its small theatrical world. The time is before the war and during it. Geoffrey Arden, a young man of thirty, on the staff of the *Herald* is one of those divided souls whose mind is in literature (he is the author of several novels and two plays), but whose heart is in life. Neither satisfies him. When he gives way to one the other calls; when he answers the other, again he is beckoned away. He is like all men in such case, deeply interested in himself and in what is going to happen to him. But this interest is not in the least abnormal or morbid; it is the interest of the looker-on, almost one might say of the Geoffrey Arden that was to be, tolerant, amused and wise.

In the months before the war he comes to know and, slowly, to love an actress who takes the principal part in his play. In her he sees perhaps the delicate spirit who will bring him into harmony with Life. But the war breaks out, and when he asks her to marry him she tells him she is a German.

"German father, German mother. Born in Germany."

"I love you."

"Your impulses are beautiful, and yet you're thinking all the time."

And she was right. If his heart triumphed it was for the briefest instant. And then his mind is attacked by the most curious mixture of doubt, suspicion and criticism. Here is the old battle again in a new guise, and perhaps his heart would have lost if Sybil Drew had allowed him to fight it alone. She loves him; she cannot let him go, and cleverly in her desperation she makes her appeal to his heart through his mind, with her "wonderful idea."

"Listen! It's this. We cannot agree. We must not agree. . . You shall be English. And I am partly English too. But I am German. Listen with sympathy. You shall champion your nation, I mine. We must be generous with one another and help one another. . . That means that you must help me. . . You must think of things that I ought to say. . . Cannot we be chivalrous enemies and lovers too?"

This, then, is the task they set themselves—to love and to be loyal. But Geoffrey goes to the war and is killed while they are still trying, and she, left in England, dies in childbed, hunted to death by the anti-Germans. There is nothing left of them but—two men talking their tragedy over in a teashop. . . . Would their lives have been splendid? Would Arden have found his abiding place in the heart of Sybil? We are left uncertain, but Mr. Monkhouse, in choosing so brave a title for his book, would seem to believe that all would have been well; it rings like his *profession de foi*.

It would be hard to find a style more unlike that so consciously practised by Mr. Monkhouse than that (shall we say?) so recklessly enjoyed by the author of "Children of No Man's Land." Mr. Stern flings his net wide; he brings it in teeming, and which are the important fish, which are to be thrown back into the sea, if those funny monsters are fish at all, or alive, or good for anything—it takes the reader a long book to discover. London is his ocean—Jewish London, Bohemian London, the London of strange boarding-houses and strange foreigners. His knowledge of it is almost mystifyingly complete, and it is poured out for us with a queer mixture of enthusiasm, love of human beings and cunning understanding of them. His central figure, the solid little rock above and about which all this beats and froths and bubbles, is Richard Marcus, a typically English boy of German parents, who does not discover until the war that he is legally a German—a child of no man's land. It does not matter that he has spent all his life in England, that he hates the Germans, hates everything about them, and loves England and the English. He is not asked what his own feelings are, but a set of alien horrible false feelings are provided for him by those same English, and, far from letting him fight for them, they only wait until he is of age to send him to an internment camp. The story of this little fifteen-year-old boy's gradual coming to consciousness through this, of his struggle first to be allowed to be English, and then to escape from the English whom he loves, of his nightmare journey across no man's land with the English hunting him down, and then on the last day of his freedom, his eighteenth birthday, his strange revelation that nothing that man can do to you really matters. . . . is the chief story of the book. All the others, intricate and many-coloured, and some of them bewildering in their strangeness, are variations upon the same theme. They seem to depart so far from the noble childish simplicity of Richard that at times they are well-nigh lost. The character of Deborah, for instance (who is perhaps the most convincing "modern" girl we have ever encountered in fiction or in life), becomes so involved and difficult that we are on the very point of thinking her gone when the theme of Richard returns, and she is explained and, as it were, made whole.

It is a strange world, a bewildering world, but there is no doubt that Mr. Stern makes it absolutely convincing.

K. M.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

DUBLIN, November 20, 1919.

THE Protestantism of the Irish Catholic is perhaps most strikingly demonstrated by the existence in this country of the Evangelical point of view amongst people innocent of the Nonconformist heresy. Ireland is the only Catholic country where Sabbatarianism and similar Puritan phenomena are not restricted to the Protestant minority. At the present time we are in the teeth of a Puritanical gale, for the winds of moral doctrine are blowing strong from that quarter, owing doubtless to the revival everywhere of leagues and associations in defence of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. This devastated and unrecognizably democratized world of ours is a rich and tempting field for all right-thinkers—to use a valuable Americanism—and every forward-looker has a panacea for the thousand evils that distract us.

In Ireland this uplift movement has resolved itself chiefly into an elaborate purity campaign, for which it is never difficult to procure recruits, especially when, by a skilful admixture of nationalistic sentiment, moral endeavour is identified with patriotism. The Bishop of Limerick fired the first shot by denouncing the current feminine fashions as the diabolical machinations of Freemasons, Jews and members of the Grand Orient. This last institution has long been a Sinn Féin superstition, and has been credited by naïve patriots with the European war, as well as with any other event of world politics displeasing to the theorists. But this is the first time that the Grand Orient has been invoked to explain such all-too-human phenomena as the transparent stocking or the curtailed skirt.

The episcopal pronunciamiento having been received with becoming gravity, the next step was the rallying of the plain people to what is termed a great "anti-smut" demonstration. The purpose of these gatherings is to denounce the naughtiness of the *revues*, and the vaudeville shows, with which Great Britain seeks to undermine the purity, and destroy the moral fibre, of this island in general, and of its women folk in particular. Lewd newspaper-men, when they visit the theatres of commerce in this city, return to their desks to record their blushes and their indignation that such shows should be permitted. Enormous queues outside the sinful establishments testify to the success of the really unintentional advertisements thus given, but they never shake the faith of the moralists in the incomparable innocence of the Irish public. By a curious irony the advocates of the chemically pure are invariably strong believers in the destiny of the Gael, and the champions of our ancient literature and traditions. Yet, while Anglo-Irish literature is Puritanical, Irish is full-blooded and natural. So much so, in fact, that certain pillars of Trinity College Protestantism based their opposition to the revival of the Irish language on the ground that the literature was either negligible or obscene. Thus are the humours and paradoxes of all Irish controversies preserved, even in the most unpromising circumstances.

The changed policy of the *Times* in regard to Ireland has naturally been the subject of favourable comment over here for some time past, but I cannot say that the special Irish Number provoked much interest or enthusiasm. For various reasons we had a little difficulty in recognizing ourselves as described in this symposium, and what excited most wonder was the thought that perhaps there were really human beings who would wade through that vast mass of uneven matter. The best joke that Dublin got out of the number was the thought that an official who had spent many months blue-pencilling all expressions of Irish opinion unacceptable to Dublin Castle should, if rumour is correct, have been selected to arrange a paper whose alleged purpose was the presentation of an authoritative survey of Irish affairs.

Miss Helen Waddell, whose "Lyrics from the Chinese" just preceded the vogue of these translations, has published with the Talbot Press an amusing little play from the repertory of the Ulster Players. "The Spoiled Buddha" tells how Buddha desired the beauty of a passing woman, and so fell from grace. The two acts are full of a subdued and subtle humour, but they have mortally offended some of our theosophists. When I mentioned the play to "Æ," he complained of its blasphemy and irreverence, in a way which would have convinced even his worst enemies that his belief in the sacred writings of the East is a genuine religious feeling.

Evidently, it is as easy to offend the ears of a Buddhist in Dublin, as those of a Presbyterian in Edinburgh, by a display of levity where their particular idols are concerned. An outraged reviewer in the *Irish Statesman* asks with Mr. Chesterton: Who would be bothered blaspheming against Thor? You will admit that literary life is a trifle complicated in this Island of Saints and Buddhists.

B.

TYNDALE'S PRINTER

SOME few years ago the Bibliographical Society published a paper on Reformation books printed abroad from 1525 to 1548, beginning with the interrupted New Testament at Cologne of which only a single fragment survives, going on to the group of two books printed at Strasburg in 1526, one of which was considered to have been utterly destroyed, till the paper showed that it had been bought up by the English authorities, stored up in London and forgotten, and finally reissued in 1550 with a new title-page. The paper centred round the use of a particular variety of type, and Mr. Robert Steele, the author, evidently considered that the reforming party had obtained control either of the punches, or the matrices made from them in which the type was cast. It was shown that a whole succession of Reformation tracts from 1528 to 1535, issued under the name of Hans Luft of Marburg, were printed on the same batches of paper with the same type, and the opinion was hazarded that they were all printed at Antwerp. In concentrating on the type, Mr. Steele had neglected to take into consideration the possibility of a professional printer devoting himself to the work. But this has turned out to be the case.

A Dutch bibliographer, Miss Kronenberg, who has already catalogued the incunabula at Deventer, had her attention directed to some Reformation books printed in Dutch at Basel "bi mi Adam Anonymous." Several attempts at the identification of this printer had been made, and it was suspected that he was really an Antwerp printer. When, after her study had made considerable progress, Mr. Steele's paper fell into her hands, she saw at once that Adam Anonymous and Hans Luft were the same person. The next step forward, his identification with a real person, was soon made. Among the Antwerp printers who had an official connection with printing in England was a certain Michael Hillen van Hoochstraten, who had printed Henry VIII.'s book against Luther in 1522. His son John is found, when the "Marburg" press suddenly breaks off in 1530, using its type at Lubeck for a couple of years. He then goes to Malmö for three years, and when his imprint disappears the "Marburg" press reappears in Antwerp with a fresh output of Reformation tracts to 1541—all anonymous. From 1541 to 1543 his books bear his name; and after 1543 he disappears from Reform work—probably married, as Miss Kronenberg suggests. Her paper appears in the October number of *Het Boek*, and is an important contribution to English bibliography.

BOOK SALE

On Monday, November 17, and the three following days, Messrs. Sotheby sold the library of the late Sir Frank Crisp, the chief lots being the following:

Andrews, H. C., *Botanist's Repository*, 10 vols., 1816, £15 10s. Botanical Cabinet, 20 vols., 1817-33, £34. Botanical Register, 34 vols., 1815-47, £32. Brunet, J. C., *Manuel du Libraire*, 7 vols., 1860-70, £19 10s. Curtis, W., *Botanical Magazine*, 125 vols., 1793-1818, £210. Franeau, J., *Jardin d'Hyver*, 1616, £29. Fuchsius, L., *De historia stirpium*, 1542, £32 10s. Gerarde, J., *Herball*, 1597, £29. *Herbarius*, printed at Passau, 1485, £49. Hooker, J. D., *Botany of Ross's Antarctic Voyage*, 4 vols., 1847-60. Hortus Sanitatis, 1517, £30 10s. Jerome of Brunswick, *Das distilierbuoch*, 1521, £17. Lilford, Lord, *Birds of the British Islands*, 7 vols., 1891-7, £62. Loris, D., *Le Thresor des Parterres de l'Univers*, 1629, £20. Lorriss, G. de, and J. de Meung, *Le Rommant de la Rose*, 1538, £23 10s. Lory, *Voyage pittoresque de Genève à Milan par le Simplon*, 1811, £49. Merian, M., *Florelegium renovatum*, 1641, £15. Murray, C. Fairfax, *Catalogue of Early French Books*, 2 vols., 1910, £18 10s.; *Catalogue of Early German Books*, 2 vols., 1913, £18 10s. Parkinson, John, *Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris*, 1629, £20 10s. Pass, C. van de, *Hortus Floridus*, 1614, £37. Recorde, R., *The Castle of Knowledge*, 1556, £20. Schedel, H., *Chronicon Nuernbergense*, 1493, £47. Sowerby, J., *English Botany*, 13 vols., 1863-92, £21. Sweet, R., *The British Flower Garden*, 7 vols., 1823-38, £16 10s. Turner, W., *Herbal*, 1568. A most excellent and homish perfect apothecary. 1561. £32. Villanova, Arnoldus de, *Tractatus de Uirtutibus Herbarum* 1491, £40. The total of the sale was £4,231.

Science IN MAN'S IMAGE

WHETHER or not it be true that the proper study of mankind is man, it is certain that he finds great difficulty in studying anything else. His first impulse, when he thinks about the universe at large, is to consider it in reference to himself, and to explain it in terms of his own actions and desires. In Astronomy, for example, it long seemed quite reasonable that in the peculiarities of men's bodies should be found the system on which the universe is constructed. The arguments of Galileo's contemporaries amuse us now, for we have learned modesty, but the tendency to explain all things in purely human terms, as it were, is by no means yet extinct, and is still a hindrance to science. It is even hinted that man's explanation of himself is not free from bias; psychologists inform us that a man's account of his own actions is not always to be trusted, that the true springs of his conduct are usually those he would blush to own. But if we are to say that man's speculations about the universe show an overwhelming sense of his own importance we must allow him also a certain generosity. Until quite recent times he was willing to dower almost anything, animate or inanimate, with his own attributes. He credited stones with life and trees with desire, while the whole animal world were his brothers. He could admire the loving sentiments of the dove and weep for the sorrows of the crab. A pathetic confidence in man as the type and exemplar of the universe informed nearly all the early writings on animal psychology, and Descartes' theory that animals were automatic roused a sentimental indignation which has not yet subsided. Nevertheless, comparatively recent investigations tend to overthrow the natural assumption that worms and insects are little men inhabiting strange bodies. The modern biologist refuses to be conscience-stricken when referred to the industry of the bee or the conjugal perfections of the dove. It is only recently that he has become so heartless. Darwin, in a celebrated passage, describes with simple reverence the mutual affection existing between snails. The intelligence of these little creatures was also estimated highly by Romanes. Loeb, the great American biologist, did much to upset this naive anthropomorphism. He took some worms who are "always attracted by light," and showed that this movement did not testify to a "more light" cry in these little souls, but was a purely automatic proceeding. The worm places itself so that both sides of its body are equally illuminated. It is a mechanical action due to the influence of light on the living matter of its body. If there are two lights the worm passes between them, thus securing equal illumination of its two sides.

The crab which, being held by a claw, sheds that claw and hurries to the nearest rock for shelter, is found to do the same thing after its eyes or brain have been destroyed. Dr. Georges Bohn, who has made many experiments to determine how far the actions of the lower animals are purely mechanical, gives an interesting account of a certain parasitic worm which attaches itself to the fish called the torpedo. He finds (1) that if the amount of salt in the water be varied the reactions of the worm alter; (2) that if light be allowed to play first on one part and then on another part of the worm, its reactions alter; (3) if the animal has already taken up its position, attached to the glass, for instance, and a shadow be passed over the top of the vessel, the whole body of the worm turns itself into the vertical in such a way that if the shadow were caused by a passing torpedo, the worm could attach itself to the fish. If, however, it be already attached to a torpedo, it does not raise itself at a passing shadow. Here,

then, is an *association* between the region of the body excited by light and the part fixed to the fish. It was found, also, that the crab which abandons its claw only does so when held by a certain part. The action appears to be purely automatic. If it were dependent in any way on the crab's simultaneous visual perceptions, for instance, an associative phenomenon would be established. But experimental tests find no such correspondence. As the result of numerous experiments of this kind biologists have become very wary of offering psychical explanations of the actions of the lower animals. Even when genuine associations are established one must be careful not to interpret them in terms of human psychology. In the very description of experiments an unwarrantable turn may be given to the phenomena by the fact that words of ordinary language inevitably call up associations which may be out of place in the discussion. To say that an *amœba* *learns* to reject certain foreign particles in a solution, for instance, is a statement that requires careful interpretation. How are we to picture an *amœba* *learning* something?

But, indeed, the danger of anthropomorphic interpretations becomes very obvious when we reflect on the purely physical phenomena which accompany man's own emotions. If the James-Lange theory be correct, it is in terms of these physical phenomena that we must understand man's emotions. Now consider the example given in Washburn's book, "The Animal Mind." An angry man has a quickened heartbeat, altered breathing, a change in muscular tension, and a change in the blood. Consider a wasp. It has no lungs, but breathes through its tracheæ; the circulation of its blood is fundamentally different from that in man; all its muscles are attached internally because its skeleton is everywhere external. What, then, is an "angry" wasp? It seems clear that if a man is to study anything but man he must forget himself as far as possible.

S.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—November 13.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read, the summaries printed having been supplied by the authors: "The Genesis of Œdema in Beriberi," by Lieut.-Col. R. McCarrison (communicated by Prof. J. G. Adami). Conclusions previously reached by physiological methods of adrenalin estimation are confirmed by chemical methods. Deficiency of certain accessory food factors gives rise to a greatly increased production of adrenalin. Whatever the function of adrenal medulla may be, excessive production of adrenalin, under conditions of "vitaminic" deficiency, is concerned with causation of Œdema.

"The Microscopical Features of Mechanical Strains in Timber and the Bearing of these on the Structure of the Cell-wall in Plants," by Mr. W. Robinson (communicated by Prof. W. H. Lang). While it is pointed out that the facts derived from the study of failure in timber are not wholly inconsistent with the micellar hypothesis of Naegeli, an alternative hypothesis of cell-wall structure is proposed. In this hypothesis it is suggested that the mechanical anisotropy, as well as the optical properties and the visible structure of cell-walls, may be explained as a result of mechanical causes operating on the substance of the cell-wall in the course of its development from a highly viscous fluid to a more rigid condition.

"The Effect of Nitrogen-fixing Organisms and Nucleic Acid Derivatives on Plant Growth" by Mr. W. B. Bottomley (communicated by Prof. F. W. Oliver). The products of the nitrogen-fixing organism, *Azotobacter chroococcum*, are shown to have a marked effect in increasing the rate of growth of plants of *Lemna minor* in water culture; and the derivatives of nucleic acid, which the author has found can be extracted from raw peat, are also able to act as accessory food substances. It is demonstrated that it is the organic material which is so essential for the complete metabolism of these plants, and they cannot maintain their normal growth and vigour for any length of time without the presence of small quantities of organic substances.

"The Vegetative Morphology of *Pistia* and the Lemnaceæ," by Agnes Arber (communicated by Prof. F. W. Oliver). Anatomical examination of the "limb" of the leaf of *Pistia Stratiotes* L., the river lettuce, shows that, in addition to normally orientated vascular bundles, there is a series of inverted bundles towards the upper surface. This fact is regarded as indicating that the leaf is of the nature of a petiolar phyllode. This interpretation is extended to the distal part of the frond of the Lemnaceæ (Duckweeds). The

general view, put forward by Engler forty years ago, as to the morphological relation of the Araceæ—through *Pistia*—and the Lemnaceæ, is accepted, and it is shown that investigation by modern methods makes it possible to carry the comparison considerably further. Serial sections through a developing shoot of *Pistia* reveal the presence of a "pocket" in connection with each leaf, occurring below the level of the free part of the limb. This pocket is formed on one side by the leaf-sheath and on the other side by the axis, and encloses a bud occupying a lateral position in relation to the limb of the leaf. It is shown that these pockets are exactly equivalent to the pockets at the base of the frond in the Lemnaceæ, which in the case of *Spirodela* are easily seen to be formed on the lower side by the wings of the leaf-sheath terminating in two minute ligular flaps, and on the upper side by the axis.

"Effects of Exercise and Humid Heat upon Pulse Rate, Blood Pressure, Body Temperature, and Blood Concentration," by Messrs. W. J. Young, A. Breinl, J. J. Harris, and W. A. Osborne (communicated by Prof. J. N. Langley). The results point to the fact that both exercise and humid heat play a part in producing a rise in blood pressure, pulse rate, and rectal temperature. The degree of rise, however, is controlled by atmospheric conditions, which influence the rate of cooling of the body.

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL.—November 19.—Sir Napier Shaw, President, in the chair.

Lieut. C. W. B. Normand read a paper on the "Effect of High Temperature, Humidity and Wind on the Human Body."

Capt. A. J. Bamford read a paper on "Some Observations of the Upper Air over Palestine." Attention was called to the agreement between the results found and the general summary in Professor Hildebrandson's "Mouvements généraux de l'atmosphère." The flights were observed for the first few (usually 15) minutes with two theodolites, or a theodolite to a rangefinder, the upper part of each ascent being observed with a theodolite alone. The second part of the paper dealt with vertical velocities, and included frequency curves showing for each of the layers 0—2,000, 2,000—4,000, 4,000—6,000 feet, the number of times in each month that the observed velocities differed from the theoretical ones by not more than 10, 20, 30 or 40 per cent., etc. The lowest layer is appreciably the most varied, and in its differences of 50 per cent. are not unusual, although the average velocity differs very slightly from theory. In the other layers there is a distinct increase in the compactness of the frequency curves, while the average velocity changes from slightly above to slightly below the theoretical value.

A third paper, by Mr. E. G. Bilham, was entitled "Barometric Pressure and Underground Water Level." The results recently obtained from a study of an experimental well with autographic registration at Kew Observatory were compared with some earlier records obtained by Dr. Isaac Roberts at Maghull, near Liverpool, and by Prof. K. Honda in the neighbourhood of Tokyo. As at Kew, the sensitiveness of the water surface at Maghull to pressure-changes varies considerably, high sensitiveness being associated with saturation of the soil by previous heavy rainfall.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—November 20.—Prof. C. Oman, President, in the chair.

Mr. Percy H. Webb exhibited a triens of Galla Placidia found in Serbia, and an unusually fine first brass of Tiberius (type Cohen 68) with rev. a temple with eight columns.—Mr. L. A. Lawrence showed an unpublished bronze coin of Carausius, rev. UBE(RTAS) PERP: Ubertas at altar with snake.—Prof. Oman showed an unpublished third brass of Constantine I. of the "Urbs Roma" type, but with obv. legend URES ROMA BEATA, mint R.Q., and an unidentified drachm of the fourth century B.C., obv. head of satrap in Persian cap, rev. lion's head in square.—Mr. Garside showed a Mexican two reales of Philip V., 1742, with heart-shaped perforation with plain edge and a dentated ornamentation on obv. and reverse around it, countermarked for circulation in Martinique during the British occupation 1809-14.—There was also exhibited a specimen of the medal struck in honour of Cardinal Mercier, and presented to the Society by the "Hommage National" Committee.

Mr. Harold Mattingly read a paper on "The Republican Origins of the Roman Imperial Coinage." His main contention was that the Imperial coinage was the direct successor, not of the Republican mint of Rome, but of the coinage of the "Imperator" in the provinces, as issued from about 83 B.C. onwards. He traced the history of military coinages under the Republic, and brought evidence to show that it was not till about the time of Sulla that the Imperator himself exercised the right of striking coins. He then showed how out of this provincial coinage the coinage of the triumvirs naturally developed, and again from that the coinage of Augustus. Augustus chose to found his system on this basis in view of the failure of the triumvirs, following in the steps of Julius Cæsar, to establish a personal coinage at the Republican mint of Rome. Mr. Grueber, Sir Henry Howorth, Mr. Webb and Prof. Oman took part in the discussion which followed.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—November 20.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Mr. A. W. Clapham read a paper on the Latin monastic remains of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The particular

aspect of a very extensive subject treated in the paper was the surviving buildings of the Augustinian convent attached to the church of the Latin Kingdom. This side of the subject had been but little dealt with, mainly owing to the secularization of most of the site and the consequent difficulty of access. Since the British occupation a complete survey of the remaining buildings had been possible, and an almost complete plan of the Latin Monastery had been procured. The surviving portions included parts of the Great Cloister, Dormitory, Frater, Chapter House, Little Cloister and Infirmary. The last two buildings and the Chapter House were practically new discoveries, and most of the other buildings had not before been accurately planned. The architecture of these remains exhibited a curious mixture of Western and Byzantine forms, and was also marked by the extensive use of antique material. As a monastic plan the buildings displayed all the usual features of Western monachism, but with a cloister planned to the east of the church, no other position being available on the site. The surviving remains were mostly in a deplorable state of decay, and it is to be hoped that under British control these conditions might be remedied and the remains preserved.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

NOVEMBER.

Fri. 28. King's College, 4.—"The Beginnings of Christian Art: Pictures of the First and Second Centuries," Professor P. Dearnier.

University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture VIII., Dr. E. G. Gardner.

Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Geology and Mineral Resources of the British Possessions in Africa," Lecture IX., Dr. J. D. Falconer.

University College, 8.—"An Introduction to Modern Philosophical Thinking," Lecture IV., Professor G. Dawes Hicks.

DECEMBER.

Mon. 1. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.

Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Geology and Mineral Resources of the British Possessions in Africa," Lecture X., Dr. J. D. Falconer.

King's College, 5.30.—"Bohemia: Downfall and National Revival," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.

University College, 5.30.—"Modern Public Libraries," Mr. L. Stanley Jast.

Aristotelian, 8.—"The Nature of Inference," Mr. Gerald Cator.

Geographical (Æolian Hall), 8.30.—"Development of Transport on the Great Lakes of Africa," Mr. H. Wilson Fox.

Tues. 2. Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Some Aspects of Metropolitan Road and Rail Transit," Mr. H. H. Gordon.

University College, 5.30.—"Danish Literature," Lecture V., Mr. J. H. Helweg.

Wed. 3. Royal Institute of Public Health (37, Russell Square, W.C.), 4.—"Town-Planning: its Influence on the Health and Well-being of the Citizens," Mr. Raymond Unwin.

Royal Archaeological Institute, 4.30.

School of Oriental Studies, London Institution, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"The Art of Asia: III. Persian Painting," Mr. Laurence Binyon.

University, South Kensington, 5.—"Twelve Good Musicians, from John Bull to Henry Purcell," Lecture II., Sir Frederick Bridge.

Geological, 5.30.

Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Geology and Mineral Resources of the British Possessions in Africa," Lecture XI., Dr. J. D. Falconer.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Old Drama and the New," Lecture III., Mr. William Archer.

University College, 5.30.—"Norwegian Literature," Lecture V., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.

University College, 6.15.—"Fundamental Principles of Taxation in the Light of Modern Developments," Lecture V., Dr. J. C. Stamp. (Newmarch Lectures.)

Thurs. 4. London School of Economics, 5.30.—"International Labour Legislation," Lecture III., Sir John Macdonell.

University College, 5.30.—"Selma Lagerlöf," Lecture V., Mr. I. Björkham.

Child-Study (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.), 6.—"Religion in Education," Rev. W. F. Cobb, D.D. Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.—"Excavations at Ur, Abu Shahrain and El-Obeid," Mr. H. R. Hall.

Fri. 5. King's College, 4.—"The Beginnings of Christian Art: Pictures of the Third Century," Professor P. Dearnier. King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Modern Greece: The Balkan War," Mr. J. Mavrogordato.

Fine Arts

THE "SALON D'AUTOMNE"

ANALYSING the melancholy which descends upon us at the very first step, we are able to gauge the full extent of that disintegration of values which has taken place during the war. The Autumn Salon is very much the same as it was in 1913; a few "revolutionaries" are lacking, that is all. What seemed to us, five years ago, sick, but still alive, now seems to us decomposed. Some of the rooms are huge cemeteries at the entrance of which one hesitates a moment: what is the use of going further? Then the desire of finding, despite of everything, some "attraction" becomes too strong, and one makes one's way through the room, feeling one's anguish and even disgust momentarily growing. And yet there is not a single wall that does not reveal a hundred proofs of talent and ingenuity. Nothing could be more obvious. Most of the painters represented possess the same honourable little skill, or the same polite manner of exposing themselves—almost no exhibitions of violence; anodyne products, of reasonable proportions, on gilt-edged subjects, whose frail merits are analysed point by point in the honours lists published in the papers.

It would be unfitting to go on being surprised at this mediocrity if it were not aggravated by vulgarity. This deadly sin shocks us more than anything. Vulgarity is, so to speak, universal; it floods the walls of this Salon, it even emanates from works from the hands of artists who are often very distinguished and are full of good intentions. How is it that the most praiseworthy desires come to be thus betrayed? For five years there has been a quiet erosion of men's minds: this silent wearing away of old tastes has made a void in all men's souls, an expectation, a desire. New curiosities have come into existence, while methods of expression, either left uncultivated or cultivated only by isolated artists, have remained stagnant. Whence arises a kind of disproportion between the spectator's demand and the artist's response, together with a disproportion, in the mind of the latter, between his intentions and his realizations. Thenceforth the artist's emotion, which, bodied forth, has power to save an imperfect work of art by giving it a soul, no longer finds an adequate vehicle in a decaying technique. The realism of method, the only visible realism, revolts our eyes, and the artist's idea remains unknown through being insufficiently expressed. We no longer hear a single word of what certain artists are saying to us (and for all we know they may be making declarations of love), because they fade away into a soundless language.

A collector, whom I met coming out of the Autumn Salon, said to me, with a look of real distress: "I have been vainly searching for the masterpieces whose coming you prophesied. I have found nothing but the sort of scrawls one has already seen thousands of times before, and now I leave this Salon overwhelmed by a deadly sense of weariness, sickened with the old formulas. I begin to wonder if I ought to go on buying pictures . . ." This well-intentioned man exactly expressed the present feeling of uneasiness, the revolt of the more daring type of amateur, who cannot, however, bring himself to the point of preferring to a colourless craftsmanship those formulas of Cubism that are as much in advance of the average conceptions of the present time as the formulas of Impressionism are behind. But the conclusion I particularly wish to draw from his words concerns the collapse of the Impressionist methods, the bankruptcy of "direct speech."

It will be well to give some definition of what we mean

by "direct speech." The Impressionist painter (whose temple this Salon is) believes in the most immediate reality, the reality that lies in front of his nose. He cannot conceive of any choice among the elements offered him by reality. His work of reproduction is confined, so to speak, to going out hunting, brush in hand, for the skin of things and transporting it, just as it is, on to the canvas, in the form of delicate and venturesome tones. He goes in a hurry, as straight as he can; he takes the shortest road.

Now these direct methods are the property of painters who discovered them, cultivated and perfected them. These painters, our elders, despite the fact that they try to introduce a rhythm into their imitative gesture, remain faithful to their primitive ideal, and their faith ennobles an outworn technique. They alone can extract profit from these "direct" methods and produce, by their mastery, works that still preserve some quality. But as soon as their technique passes into the hands of the painters of the following generation, whatever may be their ability, it loses all eloquence, all significance.

For this reason this Salon, which should be the triumph of the young men, is really the triumph of the elders, of those who go on honestly cultivating a formula now accepted by the public. "New values" are insufficiently represented; it is the "valeurs classées" that legitimize this exhibition and give to the two rooms in which they are represented an aspect which, if not new, is at least respectable and familiar. In passing we salute Bonnard, Flandrin, Guérin, Laprade, Lebasque, Matisse, Vallotton, etc., who, despite the inevitable resistance of the public of that date, did their work in the past by clearing a little of the territory captured from official routine, and who go on adding a few touches to a work that has already found its definitive expression.

But the fact that we are here witnessing the triumph of the innovators of yesterday, and that there we see the bankruptcy of their direct descendants, surely does not prove that a new revolution is not happening somewhere. If we look carefully we shall find, here and there, half stifled though it may be by the shadow of still-born works, a genuine living work that has miraculously escaped from the ostracism of this year's jury, the composition of which—four or five personalities excepted—disconcerts one by its worthlessness.

ANDRÉ LHOTE.

(To be concluded.)

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Sculpture by Aristide Maillol.

ELDAR GALLERY.—Paintings by Thérèse Lessore.

BARBIZON HOUSE, 8, Henrietta Street, W.1.—Drawings by H. B. Brabazon.

THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY.—Flanders after the War. Water-colour Drawings by Emily M. Paterson, R.S.W.

THE works of Aristide Maillol exhibited at the Leicester Galleries convey but a slight impression of the importance of this artist, who represents the connecting link between Rodin and Jacob Epstein. Rodin is essentially a modeller in clay; he carries the modeller's feeling to the extent of breaking up planes not only by minor forms, but also by deliberate incrustations on the surface of the statue. He is a realist to the point of attempting to suggest the actual movement of muscle beneath the skin. Epstein has reacted from this to the conception of sculpture as primarily carving in stone. He does not build up his forms; he cuts them out of a solid block. Maillol stands between the two. He feels the need of simplicity of plane, but he retains the modeller's outlook. The simplicity which he achieves is that of early Greek sculpture. In the female nudes in terracotta at the Leicester Galleries we see how much he is influenced by his classical models and how little. He differs from the prototype both in the deliberate roundness of his convention; from which all minor forms are banished, and in his racial predilection for the type of figure beloved by

Boucher. This predilection is very evident in the beautiful drawing of "Nereids," which is presumably a fragment of a design for tapestry dating back to that earlier period in his career when he was devoting attention to textiles. There is nothing in this exhibition as elaborate as his "Adolescence," or as formalized as some of the carvings in wood which are perhaps Maillol's most advanced work, but the collection serves its purpose of introducing an artist whose achievements are comparatively unknown in this country.

Miss Lessore is well on the way to becoming a figure in contemporary English art. Her exhibition shows that she is a serious student and an indefatigable worker. She takes an intense interest in the life around her. Again and again she visits the suburban music-halls to study the faces of the proletariat audience, and she delights in portraying the serried ranks of varied types, clad in dingy clothes contrasting with the *cliquant* ornament of theatrical architecture. She carries the same faculty of observation wherever she goes. If she walks in Regent's Park, or steps into an A.B.C. shop, or wanders about the Caledonian Market, her eye and brain are continually at work. She is not in search of the picturesque the bizarre, the vicious or the gay. Except for a decided prejudice against prettiness, she sets out with no preconceived object, prepared to see common things truly and record them without pretension. In her fear of prettiness she frequently selects types which are unnecessarily ugly, and we feel that the influence of Mr. Sickert, has not been wholly beneficial.

H. B. Brabazon was a typical nineteenth-century artist, and it is therefore difficult to estimate his work with any assurance at the present moment. Some of us may live to see the art of that fertile period classified with scientific certitude, but that day has not yet arrived. For we can still hear the battle cries of the opposing factions; we are still influenced by fragments of half-remembered propaganda which lodged themselves in our minds at impressionable moments of our youth. We have seen, too, the splendour and misery of so many reputations: Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites placed on pedestals by Ruskin and knocked down again by Whistler; Manet abused as an impostor, then hailed as the embodiment of Modern Art, and now dubbed a mere pictorial journalist; and so on. Hence we find ourselves continually replacing nineteenth-century art on the shelf like a book which we always intend to read tomorrow, and the school to which Brabazon's water-colours belong constitutes a chapter which we are fain to leave to the last. It was the school which believed theoretically that art is nature expressed in terms of emotion, and which, for the most part, gave us merely Geneva and Lucerne and Algiers and Val d'Aosta expressed in terms of water-colour technique. The artists had a hazy notion that a water-colour should present a certain generic appearance in an approved type of mount and frame; they also had a conscience which reminded them that their first duty was to make a record of nature. In order to reconcile these not obviously harmonious convictions they wandered in many lands to find something in nature which would fit into their notion of a water-colour. When they found it they made their drawing and satisfied their conscience by the addition of a topographic title. Catalogues of their works read like the index to a whole atlas, but the pictures themselves have an almost parochial uniformity of appearance. This addle-pated attitude had a pragmatic advantage: it gave the drawing a double chance to find a purchaser because it might attract the attention of a globe-trotter or it might appeal to the fancier of water-colours in the approved mounts and frames. Brabazon's drawings make this dual appeal with great success. The small collection now on exhibition at Barbizon House represents an extensive Cook's Tour and also contains much skilful manipulation of the medium. Brabazon had a keen eye, a sensitive touch and the power to make intelligent selection. But the attitude of mind which produced these drawings is out of date. Rightly or wrongly, we are now apt to regard water-colour drawing of this type as little more than a genteel accomplishment. To-day the artist must be made of sterner stuff because we have driven him from the shelter of the drawing-room into the noise and bustle of the public street. As a result water-colours are no longer restricted to a picturesque formula, but have taken their place in the main thoroughfare of development.

R. H. W.

Music

BUSONI AS COMPOSER

THERE has recently come into my hands an essay on modern music by a leading German critic, Paul Bekker, of Frankfort, and after having lost touch for five years with the musical thought of Germany, it has been unusually interesting to have this opportunity of getting some idea as to the present attitude of Germany towards the music of both native and foreign composers. The book raises many questions which I hope to discuss later in detail. Here it is relevant only to note that the author, who appears to be a very patriotic German, but at the same time a man of broad and enlightened views, expresses himself as, for the most part, thoroughly dissatisfied with the music of his own country, and holds very definitely the view that of living composers the two most interesting and original leaders of new thought in music are Delius and Busoni. In this country we are at last beginning to recognize the greatness of Delius. Busoni, naturally enough, has been regarded first and foremost as a pianist. Except for his transcriptions, few of his works have been heard in England, and those only rarely. There is some reason for this. To become really well known in this country a man must write a good deal of music that is within the reach of amateurs—either songs, pianoforte pieces, and chamber music, or short, picturesque and vivid orchestral pieces of the kind that finds a place first in the programmes of the Promenade Concerts and eventually in average orchestral concerts all over the country. It has been to Busoni's disadvantage that his most individual works are almost all laid out on a very large scale and are far from easy either to understand or to play.

He is perhaps best approached by the Violin Sonata in E minor, the earliest of his works which shows his matured style. For the orchestra his most obviously attractive work is the Comedy Overture. In both of these we can observe some of his fundamental characteristics. The kernel of Busoni's mind is essentially Italian. He is a pianist by accident of fate, by inborn temperament a singer. Italy, as the land of song, has been, by a natural consequence, the land of counterpoint, and it is this perpetual melodic instinct in Busoni that makes him above all things a contrapuntist. His Italian blood leads him therefore towards Mozart and Verdi, and also to Bach and the late Beethoven. Nor is there really so great a contrast as might appear between these two pairs, for the Mozart and Verdi with whom Busoni has affinity are the Mozart of the Jupiter Symphony and the "Magic Flute," the Verdi of the Requiem and "Falstaff."

The Violin Sonata shows the study of Bach, the Overture that of Mozart and Cimarosa. Busoni, starting, like Liszt, from transcriptions, loves to take some idea from an older composer and develop it on his own original lines. The most interesting example of this method is the great "Fantasia Contrapuntistica," based on the unfinished fugue which ends Bach's "Art of Fugue." This enormous work was composed not for any particular instrument or combination of instruments, but simply as pure music. It was announced in its orchestral form for a Philharmonic Concert some years ago, but abandoned on account of insufficient rehearsal. It has been published for pianoforte solo, but few pianists except the composer are likely to tackle it. Another great work which has been performed twice in England is the Pianoforte Concerto in five movements, the last of which is choral. This is another product of an Italian mind, not so much in its picturesque and exciting treatment of popular Italian themes as in the noble serenity and dignity of its slow movements.

Busoni's operas have not yet found their way to the

English stage. The first, "Die Brautwahl," based on a story of Hoffmann, was produced at Hamburg nearly ten years ago. It suffered perhaps from too great a wealth of ideas, and also from a tendency, very marked in Germany at that time, to employ an enormous complication of orchestral treatment over themes that seemed to demand the simplest and directest handling. The tendency may probably be traced back to "Hansel and Gretel," which was sometimes described as Wagner for the nursery. Yet it must never be supposed that Busoni's music is either ponderous or noisy. He has what no really German composer ever had, a very delicate sense of wit and irony; but these are qualities which the average opera-goer is seldom prepared to appreciate.

Quite recently two more operas have been produced at Zurich—"Turandot" and "Arlecchino." The first is taken from Gozzi's well-known fairy play. Some of the music was written several years ago as incidental music to the play when Reinhardt produced it in a German translation, and in a much mutilated form it was heard at the St. James' Theatre. "Turandot" is a *chinoiserie*, but a much cleverer one than those which we have recently had presented to us in London. "Arlecchino" is also a mixture of music and spoken dialogue. Its tone is persistently ironical, and under the disguise of the old Italian masks the composer, who is also the author, makes a mock of various permanent weaknesses of human nature.

Some fragments from the operas have already been published as pianoforte pieces. The collection entitled "Elegies" contains excerpts from "Die Brautwahl" and "Turandot," which are not perhaps easy to understand apart from their theatrical connection. Another opera on the subject of Faust is now in process of being written, and two extracts from this were played under the composer's own direction at the Queen's Hall last Saturday. Both were extremely characteristic of Busoni. The "Sarabande," intended to precede the death of Faust, is a grim and tragic development of the familiar sarabande rhythm. It is scored for a very restricted orchestra, strings, flutes, oboes and trombones, with a few touches of harp and celesta. This gives it a peculiarly gloomy colouring, but the instruments are used with a remarkable variety of effect. The orchestra on Saturday seemed hardly to have caught the inner spirit of the music. Busoni, like Berlioz, writes very long phrases, which have to be understood in their entirety. Each note has to be viewed in relation to the one that is going to follow it; the controlling factors are always melody and counterpoint, not harmony. The "Cortège," which paints a festive gathering haunted by a vague turn of apprehension with extraordinary vividness, has a wonderful swiftness of movement and brilliance of colouring. Busoni loves to employ a huge orchestra without making any very great noise. His individualization of all the instruments leads to great complexity, but not to confusion, and results in an effect of multitudinous sparkling and shimmering movement that few composers except perhaps Ravel and Debussy have attained.

But there is a quality in Busoni's music which sets him apart from almost all his contemporaries—a sense of noble serenity that makes most modern music, both English and Continental, seem by comparison rather trivial and parochial. We have composers in this country who are undoubtedly men of noble aspirations, but they are clumsy and provincial in expression. We have others who are diabolically ingenious and accomplished; but their works are painfully lacking in any sort of nobility. The German critic to whom I have alluded above rightly draws attention to the fact that his two leaders, Busoni and Delius, are men of mixed blood with a wide knowledge and understanding of music in all countries. *Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille, doch ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.*

EDWARD J. DENT.

BEECHAM OPERA: THE NIGHTINGALE

THE story of "The Nightingale" is familiar to those who loved Hans Christian Andersen in their childhood. It is a rather touching and beautiful little story, the essential of which is that the nightingale charms the heart of an Emperor by her exquisite song, flies away when her place is usurped by a clockwork nightingale bestowed by another Emperor, but flies back, tenderly forgiving, when the Emperor lies on his deathbed, and sings a song so ravishing that for one more like it Death barter the Imperial diadem and sceptre, and the Emperor is restored to life. The incidental and unimportant thing is that the scene is laid in China.

It is characteristic of Stravinsky that he should have fastened on this unessential feature, and distorted the story into a laboured and extravagant satire on the Chinese. It suits his technique to do so, and, poor fellow, he has little enough to offer us apart from technique. How far the satire is successful can only be determined by one possessing greater knowledge of China and its people than the writer can claim. Sir Hubert Parry opines in his "Art of Music" that it is characteristic of the Chinese imagination to be "bombastically complacent," and as Stravinsky's score unquestionably abounds in bombastical complacency we may set that down, for what it is worth, to the credit of his account. That is purely a matter of technique; whether the technical achievement is as brilliant as it appears will be questioned by many who have troubled themselves to analyse Stravinsky's technical method. In any case, that is a side issue. What concerns us now is that in "The Nightingale," whenever anything more than technique is required, Stravinsky's failure is nakedly complete. The nightingale herself is one continuous failure. It is quite conceivable that the Emperor's eyes filled with tears when he heard her preliminary roudade; our own eyes very nearly did the same—but it was a different sort of tear. And we quite understood Death's eagerness to restore the sceptre when she reappeared in the last act; take it, we should ourselves have cried, take anything—only let us get safe out of this. But here, again, the effect is not quite the effect intended, unless it is all part of a satire so obscure that none except Stravinsky himself can see the point of it. After all, it may be said, that is the consummation of irony.

The third act is weak from every point of view. The *mise-en-scène* is not impressive; the music allotted to Death is even more inadequate than that of the Nightingale, and the action is far too hurried. The Nightingale appears with the disconcerting punctuality of a district visitor; there is no time for the horror of the deathbed scene to sink into our minds; we are given no chance to share the anguish of a man—nay, of a Chinese Emperor—face to face with dissolution, and craving a music that will not come to distract his mind from the tortured contemplation of his past misdeeds. The relief is administered before we are aware of the craving. And all the time we are wondering what has happened to that clockwork bird, which arrived with so much ostentation. The answer is of course that it was broken long ago. All this is explained in the original story, but omitted from the operatic version, to the detriment of its coherence.

Given a beautiful or suggestive treatment of the subject, of course, we could very easily make allowance for shortcomings of this nature: nobody wants to be querulous or hypercritical. But when a virtuoso hurls at our heads a satire of questionable point and dubious artistic value we are surely entitled to claim that it shall at least be intellectually flawless.

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S opening concert on November 20 was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience, for whom the attraction lay rather in the personalities of M. Cortôt and Mr. Albert Coates than in the programme provided. M. Cortôt was heard in Franck's Symphonic Variations and in a Fantaisie for pianoforte and orchestra by Debussy, performed for the first time. It was composed in 1889, before Debussy had matured his style, and although the slow movement has some indications of his individuality, the work as a whole is of comparatively little interest. The remainder of the programme served mainly to show the extraordinary power of Mr. Coates to make the best out of inferior music. Mr. Holbrooke's "Ulalume" has some very interesting and original effects of orchestration, and some passages of real beauty, but, like most of his works, it is confused and incongruous both in structure and in material. Scriabin's "Divine Poem" has the faults of Wagner and Tchaikovsky without their virtues. It used sometimes to be said of Parry that his orchestra always sounded like an organ. Scriabin's orchestra sounds like an organ played by a pianist. The individual voices of the wood-wind are lost in a ceaseless orgy of emotionalism, above which there rises occasionally a solo violin, or more often the blatant crowing of a solo trumpet. The score is bestrewn with directions such as *Ecroutement Formidable*, *Divin Essor* or *Elan sublime*; but not even Mr. Coates can persuade us that these things are inherently expressed in the music itself.

THE delayed performance of Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona" duly took place at Hammersmith on November 16, and was a great success, the impersonators being Mr. Clive Carey, Miss Grace Crawford, and Mr. Tom Reynolds, with Mr. Bliss conducting and Miss Nellie Chaplin at the harpsichord. The play was preceded by a performance of Mozart's Serenade in G and the Purcell suite compiled for string orchestra, and conducted by Mr. Bliss with great gusto, but too much pace. Mr. Bliss is going to renew his Sunday concerts in February, and (gratifying as it was to see so large an audience) there are more tangible ways of encouraging enterprise than by flocking to an invitation performance.

MISS LILIAS MCKINNON is a musician first and a pianist afterwards, and for that reason it is almost impossible to listen to her playing without some degree of pleasure. But she put our loyalty to a severe test at her recital on November 17 by including Glazunov's Theme and Variations, the B flat minor Sonata, and the E minor and E flat minor Studies in the one programme. All that is most academic in Glazunov seems to come to the top directly he gets to the piano, and even Miss McKinnon in her most beguiling mood can do little with him. She is to give another Scriabin recital in January, and even if we have to agree to differ about much of his work we hope she will invite us to come and be converted.

MR. WALTER JOHNSTONE-DOUGLAS, who gave a recital on November 20, has a high baritone voice of light and pleasant quality as well as a fine sense of colour and style. In a single group of French songs he showed wide range of expression, and followed them up with a set of Scottish folk-songs which he sang with considerable dramatic power. Mr. Herbert Hughes' nursery rhymes set as parodies of various popular vocal styles are extremely amusing on paper, but are hardly effective in the concert-room.

MME. SUGGIA'S concert the same afternoon included a violoncello sonata by Jean Hurlé, in which the pianoforte part was taken by Mr. Harold Samuel. It is not so much a sonata as a series of alternating solos which have more grace than originality. Mr. Boris Lensky sang English and Russian songs with a very interesting contrast of styles. It is always instructive to hear foreigners sing English songs, for even when their English pronunciation is as good as Mr. Lensky's, they seem to concentrate attention much more on the music than on the words. The result is sometimes (as when Mme. Elena Gerhardt used to sing Arne) to bring out new beauties, and sometimes, as in the present case, to show up the composers' limitations. In Tchaikovsky's "During the Ball," on the other hand, Mr. Lensky was obviously concentrating on the words, but at the same time made the music eloquently expressive, although singing in a language unfamiliar to his listeners.

Drama

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

BY its first production this week "The Phoenix" (a new manifestation of the activities of the Stage Society) seems to have proclaimed itself the implacable enemy of the Elizabethan dramatists and of the English theatre. Indeed, in the dark records of contemporary acting and criticism this whole episode of "The Duchess of Malfi" is conspicuous for the blackness of its disgrace.

The occasion promised to be an important one. The air has lately been full of questions as to why the English stage has for generations been divorced from some of its richest possessions, while even the commercial theatres of Germany have their regular repertory of minor classics—their Kleists, their Grillparzers, and their Hebbels. There seemed to be a new determination to track down and to extirpate the causes of this inferiority in civilization. A few inexperienced optimists hoped that The Phoenix was a standard hoisted for the opening of a victorious campaign. In that sign the serious drama would conquer the devastating hosts of Mr. Cochrane and Mr. de Courville; Mr. Archer and his followers would meet with the fate appropriate to such renegades; and Mr. MacDermott would be triumphantly enthroned at Golder's Green. But however it might end, "The Duchess of Malfi" seemed at all events a hopeful beginning. Even those who did not place it in the very front rank of the non-Shakespearean tragedies could not help feeling an intimate affection for it. Here was a play on which one would not grudge to lavish one's pains, a play which would deserve every moment of thought and rehearsal that one could devote to it. No doubt the producer would meet with great difficulties in his untrodden path. It was not merely a case of clearing up the characters and grappling with the verse; the fundamental problem consisted, of course, in getting hold of the right tone, for the unity of the play lies in its atmosphere rather than in its characters or action, and if the atmosphere were to be lost in the performance, the play would fall to pieces both in its details and in its larger design. But could there exist a producer in the world who would not seize with joy an opportunity of fighting with all his strength against these difficulties, in the hope, the vain hope perhaps, of forging an instrument which might once more express in all its subtlety and strength the genius of Webster?

Such a producer did exist, and the committee of The Phoenix with unerring instinct selected him to do their job. The persons concerned seem to have considered that "The Duchess of Malfi" was worth two or three days of serious rehearsing; and this period was naturally occupied in the not completely successful task of teaching the actors their parts and the electricians their cues. The producer's ambitions were by that time satisfied; but unluckily some of the actors took things more seriously. With more or less elaboration they worked up their parts and adopted appropriate systems of behaviour; but they worked in seclusion, so that the result when the different systems met for the first time upon the stage was startling in the extreme. The Cardinal, for instance, and the Duchess herself, being quite efficient professional actors, behaved as such actors always behave in what may be generically described as Shakespeare. They arranged themselves in carefully curved attitudes, they spoke the verse with some attention to the metre, and talked louder when they wanted to express any emotion. Both were quite unobtrusive and (except for the Duchess's minx-like habits) comparatively unobjectionable. Miss Nesbitt's care and restraint, indeed, made some of the

central scenes tolerable, if never adequate. Antonio would have belonged to the same group if he had been able to act at all; as it was, he got about on the stage as well as one has a right to expect from any Englishman placed in such a public and embarrassing position. Julia seemed also to belong to the regular stage tradition—but to quite another branch of it, the modern society comedy; her special effect was to make one expect every moment to see Mr. Hawtrey or Mr. Du Maurier stroll into the Cardinal's apartment. Bosola emerged, naturally enough, from a very different world—the serious-minded "repertory" movement. He was distinguished from the other actors in many ways: by an unqualified determination to speak the verse exactly as if it were prose, by an extreme sobriety of method, and, one must add, by an attempt (mistaken though it seemed) to express a real and coherent character. Finally, there was Ferdinand, who in a happier world would have been an actor-manager, as was shown by his conviction, not shared in this case by the other actors, that he was the central figure in the play. His delicious attempts at securing this position, from his method of adopting for every word a new tone of voice extravagantly unlike one's wildest anticipations, to his demonstration of his profound acquaintance with the habits of *cinquecento* decadents, culminated appropriately in his death while standing on his head in an arm-chair with his legs in the air above him.

The centrifugal forces of these contradictory methods of acting, utterly unbridled by the producer, ended by tearing the play to bits. As it went on, each actor seemed more and more to be fighting for his own hand, until the struggle reached its climax in the final competition to decide who could score the most effective death. From such a performance it would be absurd to expect to find any light thrown upon the play itself; but there were moments when the play forced its way through its trappings. It was in particular clear that the scenes which it is now fashionable to consider exaggerated—the dead hand, the madmen, the executioners—are a complete dramatic success. Such dim suggestions as one experienced of the effects of a real performance only embittered one's feelings against the incompetence and unconscientiousness which have made a real performance more remote than ever. The only result of this week's production has been to give a plausible excuse to the illiterate stupidity of the critics who abuse the Elizabethan drama. Is this the result desired by the committee of The Phoenix? It will be easy to judge. If the actor of the part of Ferdinand is allowed to act in any of the later productions or if the producer of "The Duchess of Malfi" is ever employed by the society in that capacity again, it will be certain that the members of the committee are either incapable or disingenuous. We may hope that some at least of them will become aware of their responsibilities.

J. S.

A FINE collection of drawings by old masters was sold at Sotheby's on November 18, but no very big prices were realized. On the following day, however, a collection of 48 woodcuts of Albert Dürer comprised in "The Apocalypse of St. John," "The Great Passion" and "The Life of the Virgin" was bought for £410 by Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach.

At the sale at Christie's of objects of art from Wentworth Castle, Barnsley (November 20-21), a magnificent manuscript on vellum by an English scribe in large Gothic letter of 200 leaves (12½ in. by 8½ in.), in a sixteenth-century brown calf binding with two clasps, was bought by Mr. Quaritch for £3,517 10s. Besides four full-page miniatures, this "Horæ Diurnæ B.V.M. cum Calendario" contains 24 circular miniatures of the signs of the Zodiac and the occupations of the months. The text contains 43 large initials in gold and colours, and several thousand illuminated capitals.

DRAMATIC NOTES

A LECTURE on Stage Décoration was given at the Æolian Hall on November 18 by Mr. Norman MacDermott. Its great interest lay in the large collection of lantern slides, derived in many cases from unfamiliar sources, with which it was illustrated. The text of the lecture itself would perhaps have been more satisfactory if its emphasis had been historical rather than æsthetic. By an objective study of the evolution of scenery, Mr. MacDermott might have lent more unity to his subject and risked less dissent from some of his audience than by the continual though disjointed series of uncompromising judgments of value with which he actually accompanied the pictures. Each of us would have felt happier in deciding for himself whether he preferred Palladian perspectives or *Jugendstil* classicism or paint-and-canvas theatricality. Nor was it always possible to follow Mr. MacDermott's *obiter dicta*, such as that "opera and ballet are not in any true sense dramatic art," or his underlying opinions upon "realism" in the theatre. But the very fact of his arousing disagreement is in itself evidence of a growth of interest in a dilapidated art.

AFTER the first production of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in 1670 it was described in the Court Circular as "un ballet de six entrées, accompagné de comédie." To-day it is not even a comedy accompanied by ballet, and the music of Lully has almost followed the dances of Beauchamp into oblivion. Performances such as those given recently at the Duke of York's Theatre made one sigh for these lost trimmings to relieve the severities of a school-text-book rendering, from which even M. Jourdain's investiture as a *mamamouchi* had been excised. But a French classical *matinée*, unlike an English one, at least allows us to listen to the words in comparative security. And those who feel grateful for the opportunity may be reminded that these performances are to continue at the Duke of York's on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons both before and after Christmas, and that the next play on the list is "Le Malade Imaginaire."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is delivering a series of four lectures at King's College on "The Old Drama and the New." The lectures (upon which we hope to comment at greater length) are given on Wednesday evenings at 5.30 p.m. The first of them (November 19) was enough to show that they can only be attended by susceptible people at imminent risk of an apoplexy. A large number of innocent students listened with delighted amusement while Mr. Archer read comic passages from Elizabethan tragedies to show how incompetent, ridiculous, and vulgar their authors were, and how much easier it is to write blank verse like Chapman than prose like Sir Arthur Pinero. It scarcely required the authoritative pronouncement of Mr. Galsworthy from the chair to assure us that it is chiefly to Mr. Archer that we owe the British Theatre of to-day.

"SAKUNTALA" has none of the characteristics that one expects to find in a Sanskrit classic. The action is human and amusing, and the atmosphere not so much religious as fanciful. If Siegfried and Brünnhilde, with their ring and their bad memory, were transported from the Rhine into "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the same sort of play would result; a king and a maiden are wedded and parted and reunited in a world that is full of demons and nymphs. Such a play cannot be easy to produce, because while, on the one hand, it is not modern, on the other hand it can borrow strength neither from archæology nor from mysticism. The Union of the East and West—under whose auspices these *matinées* of "Sakuntala" are being given at the Winter Garden Theatre—is to be congratulated upon its enterprise. Some of the scenes—notably those of Sakuntala's departure from the Hermitage and of her rejection by the King—were most moving, and the English version (by Mr. Laurence Binyon) was appropriate and delightful. If one may venture a criticism, it is that the scenery should have been more realistic and the acting less realistic: the gap between them was too wide, and much of the poetry disappeared into it.

Correspondence

GEORGE ELIOT

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I add a point or two to the discriminating notice of George Eliot in your last number? In conceiving Dorothea Brooke George Eliot did not rely on herself, but on the second Lady Dilke, who was keenly interested in *THE ATHENÆUM*. This is made plain by Dilke in the memoir of his wife, "The Book of the Spiritual Life," p. 16. Lady Dilke was an admirable hostess, and an effective social worker—gifts, one thinks, both beyond Dorothea. In later years her marriage with Mark Pattison led her some way from the Church. But she retained Dorothea's moral courage and indifference to the shouting of the largest crowd. In her early days she was an ultra-Puseyite and studied the Fathers. I possess her well-thumbed edition of the "Imitatio Christi."

I wish that George Eliot's rustic humour did appeal to charity entertainments and girls' schools. But the latter at any rate seem to be handicapped. "Silas Marner" is not a long story, but in the latest edition for schools it has been cut down by an educational lady who omits most of the conversation at the Rainbow.

The collocation of George Eliot and Mr. Hardy reminds me of the curious fact that the former in "Daniel Deronda" three times uses Wessex. The voice might almost be Mr. Hardy's when she writes in Chap. III. of "the beautiful face of the earth in that part of Wessex. But though standing thus behind a screen amid fat pastures, it had on one side a glimpse of the wider world in the lofty curves of the chalk downs, grand steadfast forms played over by the changing days."

I am not aware how far Mr. Hardy at that time had used the word now generally associated with his work. As for cosmic preoccupations, George Eliot notes in "Middelmarch," Chap. XV. :—

I at least have so much to do in unravelling certain human lots, and seeing how they were woven and interwoven, that all the light I can command must be concentrated on this particular web and not dispersed over that tempting range of relevancies called the universe.

She was incapable of that power which makes Egdon Heath a symbol of the universe.

Yours sincerely,

VERNON RENDALL.

A NEW PROSODY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I am afraid that I have no additions to make to my review of Mr. Bayfield's book, nor any alterations to propose in it. And I do not think that his complaint would be sustained by any competent Court of Reviewing. I was not bound, in criticizing a book which was before me, to notice the arguments of an article that was not; and in pointing out that the book itself constantly dispensed with argument, I was merely stating the fact. Mr. Bayfield is quite mistaken as to my giving any "hint" that he ought to have argued with me. Once more, I only stated a fact. And I am again afraid that he will have to do without any argument from me as to the connection or disconnection of rhythm and metre. To me, as to the enormous majority of persons in all ages who have dealt with the subject, metre is rhythm, made recurrent and regulated so as to provide poetical music. No other "metre" exists for me, and I do not argue *de non existentibus*. "Inversion of stress" may seem to invite more discussion; but Mr. Bayfield's position, that the stressed syllable must come first, again makes argument impossible. In fact, between him and me there is so great a gulf fixed that I see no means of bridging it for the purposes of argument. He begins with a theory, and endeavours to make English poetry accept it; I begin with English poetry, and accept what it tells me. It tells me that in Anglo-Saxon the normal rhythm and metre were trochaic; but that, when the blessed blending with Romance elements and adoption of Romance models took place, the norm shifted, not universally but mainly, to iambic. I find this information justified by the whole course of later English verse. Therefore for me to argue with Mr. Bayfield would be *μῶθος περισσός*—lost labour or worse.

But I think I was entitled to show, and I think I have shown (with fair warning as to his theory), that what Mr. Bayfield regards as metrical arrangement produces not musical poetry, but unmusical doggerel—always of course according to the ears with which I have been provided. There, I think, the case between us must be left—as the last sentence of the review itself left it—to the judgment of such a portion of the English-speaking and English-hearing world as it may concern. I do not grudge Mr. Bayfield his "four poets"; but as congratulations reached me very early on the "patience" and "restraint" with which I treated his book, it would appear that I also have partisans. And I have and shall have no more to say either as to this book, or to anything else that he has written or may write on the subject.

Your obedient servant

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

1. Royal Crescent, Bath.

November 22, 1919.

AN AUSTRALIAN COMMONPLACE BOOK

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I am exceedingly gratified to find so appreciative a review of "My Commonplace Book" in *THE ATHENÆUM* (November 14), of which journal I am one of the oldest admirers. But neither I nor my fellow-Australians can approve of the curious numerical test by which the number of my quotations from individual authors affords "evidence of the respective standing of various writers in Australian literary society." How should the private personal jottings in my memorandum-book afford any such evidence? And why should such memoranda indicate the relative importance which I myself attach to the writers in question? Because I have quoted from Martin Tupper and not from Henley, and have more from Robert Buchanan than from Shakespeare, does this mean that I and Australians generally prefer Tupper to Henley or Buchanan to Shakespeare?

Surely your reviewer overlooked the fact that in my preface I explained my conception of what a commonplace book is. It is not an anthology, but a collection of reminders which a man notes down for his own personal use. He does not write out beautiful things that he is never likely to forget. My book has mainly to do with less-known and forgotten writers; and I definitely say in my preface that, unless there is some reason to the contrary, I have omitted all the well-known gems in our literature.

One more point. I am a trained lawyer, with long experience in sifting and weighing evidence. For thirty-seven years I have studied the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research. I have, but only within the last ten years, arrived at the conclusion that "the evidence collected by the Society that the dead (by telepathy or otherwise) communicate with the living is unanswerable." On what grounds does your reviewer characterize this well-considered opinion as "a bold and dogmatic assertion"? What meaning does he attach to the word "dogmatic" or the word "assertion"?

16, Hanover Court.

Yours faithfully,

J. T. HACKETT.

[Our reviewer writes: I am sorry if I have attached undue importance to Mr. Hackett's quotations, or have, to that extent, overrated the value or significance of his work; but I am still unable to concur with his statement that the evidence collected by the Society for Psychical Research that the dead communicate with the living is "unanswerable."]

MR. POUND AND PROPERTIUS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—A month ago T. S. E. reviewed Mr. Pound's last volume of poems in your columns (October 24, p. 1065); he believed that Mr. Pound, in his "Homage to Sextus Propertius," had justified his method, and asserted that he had achieved one of his best things. The reasons for this belief and assertion—such reasons as T. S. E. has most rightly and persistently demanded from other critics—were not given. The spending of a number of Ezra-Propertian days has not revealed the reasons, but something of the method has been made clear. It consists in the production of incomprehensibility by means of three processes—the complete alteration of one or two words, the keeping of

the sense of the words of Propertius and the forsaking of the meaning of his sentences, and primitive translation.

An example of the first process happens in this sentence: "Neither expensive pyramids scraping the stars . . . nor . . . are a complete elucidation of death." This is true, but its content is nothing. Had Mr. Pound used the phrase "elimination of death," he would have expressed exactly what Propertius says.

The second process appears in the command, "Let another oar churn the water, another wheel the arena." The Latin has "Alter remus aquas alter tibi radat harenas." Mr. Pound almost punningly reproduces the words, abandons entirely the sense of keeping in shallow water, and substitutes an idea of very doubtful significance.

The two processes are combined in the following: "She was veiled in the midst of that place, Damp woolly handkerchiefs were stuffed into her undrivable eyes." ". . . medio nebat et ipsa loco, umidaque impressa siccat lumina lana." Propertius' touching picture is translated into a grin.

The third method is exhibited in "Of the victorious delay of Fabius, and the left-handed battle at Cannæ." The only use of "left-handed" I myself can recall applies to compliments; the sense hardly seems transferable to battles, nor would it express "pugnante sinistram." Incidentally, why "of"?

I can understand Propertius, I do not understand Mr. Pound. Is that the justification of his method?

I am yours faithfully, E. R. BROWN.

MORALS AND ECONOMICS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Col. Bethell's letter (ATHENÆUM, November 14), so far as it is intended to be a criticism of my review, is beside the mark.

I appear, he says, to suppose that "there is a possible science of economics divorced from all moral considerations, just as the natural sciences are divorced." This phrase (which is his, not mine) is ambiguous. It may mean (1) that economic science can (and ought to) avoid discussing and passing judgment on the moral value of human characteristics and the moral rightness or wrongness of human actions. This I believe and tried to say. Or it may mean (2) that economic science can (and ought to) be founded on the assumption that, in their business life, men are completely "non-moral": e.g., that they are actuated solely and invariably by the desire to increase their own wealth as much as possible, without regard to altruistic or humanitarian considerations or to what is just and honourable. This I do not believe and did not intend to suggest. In so far as unselfish motives have a measurable effect on the conduct of business, their influence must, of course, be taken into account by the economist. To ignore it would be the opposite of scientific; for it would be inconsistent with observed facts. Col. Bethell devotes his letter to showing that his proposition, in this second sense, is not tenable. I did not say that it was. He is bombarding a position I have never occupied.

How far economic "laws" can and do claim to be exact or "invariable" is too big a question to embark on here. It is also irrelevant. For if, as Col. Bethell seems to imply, the motives that govern business life are so variable and incalculable that it is impossible to trace any uniformity or to generalize about the probable consequences of any action in that sphere, it is equally impossible to generalize about the rightness of such action: since until we know what the consequences are, we cannot tell whether they are good or bad.

Yours, etc.,

G. S.

SHENSTONE'S EPITAPH

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Though fools rush in where others have failed, I am tempted to try my hand on Shenstone's epitaph (see ATHENÆUM, August 15, p. 751) which Mr. Frederick Harrison confessed he had failed to render in English:

Heu quanto minus est

Cum reliquis versari

Quam tui

Memorisse.

Ah Thou, beside whose memory

Pales other friends' society,

Can I forget?

Peking.

Yours very truly, N.

Foreign Literature

THE MEDITERRANEAN RACE

ITALIA: LE ORIGINI. Da G. Sergi. (Torino, Fratelli Bocca. 45 lire.)

IN early days, before improved navigation made possible the Atlantic phase of civilization, Europe was geographically a *cul-de-sac*. It was widely open to immigration from the East. Less obviously, it was accessible from the South by way of three land-bridges—Greece, Italy, and Spain. Ever since the present basin of the Mediterranean was formed, however, a narrower or wider extent of sea has offered an obstacle to advance from Africa. On the other hand, the barrier of the Alpine fold always protected the three peninsulas from the full incidence of the Asiatic flood. Thus Italy, with which we are here specially concerned, must be expected to be more than a mere meeting-point of ethnic counter-currents. Being sufficiently insulated, it might well serve also as a secondary *officina gentium*. Instead of a mere avenue, it could become a home. It could foster the development of a sub-type of humanity, having a specific culture, or, in other words, a soul no less than a bodily form of its own.

It is at an auspicious moment that Professor Sergi, of the University of Rome, produces this epitome of his lifelong labours. As the *doyen* of Italian anthropologists he celebrates the hour of victory by reminding his countrymen alike of their racial unity and of their proud tradition of culture carrying with it the promise of no less glorious a civilizing mission to come. For their benefit, then, he restates his famous theory of the Mediterranean race, of which they are invited to regard themselves as the flower. The theory in question was first formulated by him in or about the year 1892, and formed the subject of a book, "Origine e diffusione della stirpe mediterranea," which appeared in 1895, and was soon followed by a German edition in 1897 and an English one in 1901. Whereas the key to European ethnology was hitherto taken to be language, and under the spell of Indo-Germanism long-heads and round-heads were persuaded to greet one another as brothers, the outraged science of physical anthropology at length raised its voice in protest. Italian speech may have been thoroughly "aryanized"; but Italian head-form, though modified to some extent by influences coming from the north and east, is radically distinct from the Alpine type. The round-heads of the Alps are Eurasiatics. On the contrary, the brunet long-heads of Italy are essentially a branch of the Eurafian race—a race to which our own blond long-heads of the north are also, though more distantly, related. Such in broad outline was the new theory; and it may be said to hold the field to-day.

Professor Sergi's method is purely anthropometrical, and, moreover, is one that is more or less peculiar to himself. He lays chief stress on the shape of the skull, and this he estimates almost wholly by reference to the *norma verticalis*, the outline of it obtained by a view from above. Without venturing into technical questions, we may humbly beg leave to doubt whether so highly simplified a test of the hereditary factor in the physical make-up of man can yield accurate results. On the other hand, it must be admitted that in the hands of a scientific genius—one who does not proceed mechanically by the manipulation of figures, but by direct intuition seizes upon and holds to the universal—even an imperfect method may work wonders; and so it is that Professor Sergi's conclusions commend themselves to the judgment of the thinking world, while the logical processes by which he was led to them are not always so patently valid. For the rest,

Professor Sergi has that rare talent for convincing which consists in stating one's case with absolute candour and moderation. Nay, the very fact that he is always changing his mind about details amounts to a guarantee that the main thesis is sound—that it holds its own, not as an inveterate prejudice, but as the outcome of an immanent criticism steadily and fearlessly applied. Indeed, this is in no sense an old man's book, though, to be sure, Professor Sergi is not young, but, as the West African proverb puts it, "has looked into the eye of the spring." All the movement of modern thought as it bears on the European race-problem is concentrated in this lively volume; and the authority of least standing cannot complain of an unsympathetic handling, or of what were even worse, neglect.

To return to the theory of the Mediterranean race, Professor Sergi can hardly be expected to do full justice to his theme on any canvas that does not embrace Northern Africa, Hither Asia, and the greater part of Europe. His Libyans, Pelasgians, Iberians and Ligurians between them are responsible for Mediterranean civilization and its offshoots from neolithic times onwards to the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, or rather, perhaps, through the Renaissance right on to the present hour. But Italy can at least boast that she is one of the four great foci of this cultural movement, Egypt, Crete and Hellas being the other three. The mystery is how the relatively barbarous northern invader could receive so much more than he gave in the way of culture, and yet be wholly a giver in respect to that essential element in culture, language. When the Norsemen settled in Normandy they assimilated the higher culture that they found there, language and all. Not so the Eurasiatics, if indeed they, and not the Nordics, or blond Eurafricans, are to be credited with the chief share in the steady immigration from the Alpine and Transalpine region. Hence we may suspect a more complete domination on their part than the cranial measurements of the present population would lead one to suspect. Professor Sergi's method, however, serves merely to mark off the round-heads; and, since colour and size are left largely out of account, would leave it an open question whether Nordics or the genuine Mediterranean stock contribute more to the prevailing type.

As for the races that inhabited Italy in the distant era before the coming of neolithic man, Professor Sergi prudently refuses to attribute to them any living descendants; whereas have we not in our time accompanied enthusiastic anthropologists into the recesses of the hills to be shown colonies of Crô-Magnon folk or of Grimaldi pygmies, all warranted alive and kicking? Apart from the two famous types in question that hail from the Mentone caves, Professor Sergi, after many fluctuations of opinion, is now prepared to reinstate a third type as represented by the Castenedolo and dell' Olmo specimens. Over the former of these he gaily breaks a lance with Professor Keith, who will not admit the extreme antiquity claimed for it, on the double ground that its traits are of modern appearance and that, though lying in a deposit of admittedly pliocene age, it was but six and a half feet below the soil. But, retorts Professor Sergi, the Piltown individual lay but four feet below the surface; only his highly antique appearance has saved his reputation. The problem, then, being precisely this, whether in very ancient days the modern type of man was already evolved—a possibility to which the early evolution of *Dryopithecus* and other anthropoid apes would seem to lend support—does not Professor Keith beg the very question at issue? Professor Keith, we suppose, would reply that what cannot be modern must be ancient; but what looks modern is modern, until clear proof is forthcoming to the contrary.

And what of the future of Italy, in which Professor

Sergi trusts on the strength of its noble past? He has our full sympathy when he refuses to believe with Mr. Huntingdon that a change of climate for the worse has doomed the Mediterranean region until such time as another climatic pulsation puts things right at the expense of the now dominant North. Physical conditions of course count for something, but the spirit of man counts for more. Italy, our ally, has the will to be great; then, assuredly, she has the power.

R. R. M.

THE RUSSIAN SPIRIT

IT will readily be admitted that the distinguishing qualities of Russian literature and of Russian art in general are simplicity, truthfulness, and complete lack of rhetorical ornament. Whether it be a merit or defect is not for me to judge, but this seems undeniable, namely, that our simplicity and truthfulness are due to our relatively scanty culture. Whilst European thinkers have for centuries been beating their brains over insoluble questions, we have only just begun to try our powers. Behind us we have no failures. The father of the profoundest Russian writer was either a landowner, who divided his time between luxurious amusement and the service of the State, or a peasant whose drudgery left him not a moment for idle curiosity. How can we know, then, whether human knowledge has any limits? And it seems to us that, if we do not know, it is only because we have not yet tried to find out. Other people's experience is not ours. We are not bound by their conclusions. Indeed, what do we know of the experience of others, except what we gather, most vaguely and fragmentarily and unreliably, from books? And so it is natural for us to believe the best, until the opposite is proved to us. Any attempt to deprive us of our belief meets with the most energetic resistance.

The most sceptical Russian hides a hope in the bottom of his soul. Hence our fearlessness of the truth, realistic truth, which has so astonished European critics. Realism was invented in the West, there it was established as a theory. But in the West, to counterbalance it, were invented numberless other theories whose business it was to soften down the disconsolate conclusions of realism. There, in Europe, they have the *être suprême*, the *deus sive natura*, Hegel's absolute, Kant's postulates, English utilitarianism, progress, humanitarianism, hundreds of philosophic and sociological theories in which even the extreme realists wrap up what they call life, so that life, or truth, or realism, ceases to be true or real at all.

The Westerner is self-reliant. He is fully convinced that if he does not help himself nobody will help him; so all his thoughts are directed to making the best of his opportunities. A limited time is meted out to him. If he can't get to the end of his song within the time-limit, the song must remain unsung. Fate will not grant him one extra minute for the unplayed bars. Therefore as an experienced musician he proportions himself superbly. Not a second is wasted. The *tempo* must not drag for an instant, or he is lost. The *tempo* is everything, and the *tempo* exacts facility and quickness of movement. During a few short beats the artist must produce many notes, and produce them so as to leave the impression that he was not hurried in the least, but had all the time in the world at his disposal. Moreover, each note must be complete, finished, have its fullness and its value. Native talent alone will not suffice for this. Experience is necessary, and tradition, and training, and inherited instinct. *Carpe diem*—the European has been busy at it for two thousand years.

But if we Russians are convinced of anything at all, it is that we have time enough and to spare. To count days, much less hours and minutes!—find me the Russian who would degrade himself by such a bourgeois occupation. We look round, we stretch ourselves, we rub our eyes; we want first of all to decide what we shall do, and how we shall do it, before we can begin to live seriously. We don't choose to decide anyhow, nor at second-hand, from fragments of incomplete information borrowed from others. It must be from our own experience, with our own brains. We admit no traditions. Not in any literature has there been such a defiant struggle with traditions as in ours. We have wanted

to re-examine everything, readjust everything. There is no denying that our daring has its origin in our entirely uncultured confidence in our own powers. Among us, Byelinsky, a "half-baked" undergraduate, deriving his information about European philosophy at third hand, began a quarrel with the universe over the long-forgotten victims of Philip II. and the Inquisition. In that quarrel is the sense and essence of all creative Russian literature. Towards the end of his career Dostoevsky raised the same storm and the same question over the little tear of an unfortunate child.

A Russian believes he can do anything, hence he is afraid of nothing. He paints life in the gloomiest colours; and were you to put to him the question: How can you accept such a life? how can you reconcile yourself with all the horrors of reality, which have been so mercilessly described by all your writers, from Poushkin to Tchekhov?—he would answer you in the words of Dmitri Karamazov: "I do not accept life." This answer seems at first sight absurd. Since life is here, it is impossible not to accept it. But there is another background to the reply: a lingering belief in the possibility of a final triumph over evil.

By virtue of this belief the Russian does not hide himself from the enemy. He goes straight out to him. Our sectarians bury themselves alive: Tolstoyans and the followers of all the varying sects which crop up so thick in Russia turn towards the people; they go, God knows where, destroying their own lives and the lives of others. Writers do not lag behind the sectarians. They too refuse to be prudent, to calculate and count the hours. Minutes, seconds, time-beats, all this is so insignificant and petty that it is invisible to the naked eye. We wish to draw with a generous hand from fathomless eternity, and everything that is limited we leave to European *bourgeoisie*. Russian writers with few exceptions really despise the pettiness of the West. Even those who most admired Europe did so because they failed to understand her, and did not want to understand her. That is why we have always taken over European ideas in such fantastic shapes. For example, the 'sixties, with its ideas of sober outlook, was our most drunken period. Those who were awaiting the second Advent, the new Messiah, read Darwin and dissected frogs. It is the same story to-day. We allow ourselves the greatest luxury that man can dream of—sincerity, truthfulness—as if really we were spiritual Crœsuses, and had plenty of all sorts of riches, and could let everything be seen, having nothing to be ashamed of. But even the Crœsuses, the greatest kings in the world, did not consider they had the right of always telling the truth. Even kings have to pretend; think of diplomatic relations. Whereas we—we think we may speak the truth only, and that any lie which conceals our true substance is a crime, since our true substance is the finest reality the world contains. . .

Tell this to a European and it will seem a joke to him—even if he is able to make anything out of it all. A European uses all the powers of his intellect and talent, all his knowledge and his art, to conceal himself and all that touches him—for that the natural is ugly and repulsive, no one in Europe will dispute. Not only the fine arts, but even science and philosophy tell lies instinctively in Europe, and by lying justify their existence. A European student presents you first and last with a finished theory. Well, and what does all this completeness signify? It signifies that none of our Western neighbours will end his speech before the last reassuring word is spoken; he will never let nature have the last word; he rounds off his synthesis. With him ornament and rhetoric is a *conditio sine qua non* of creative utterance, the only remedy against all ills. In philosophy reigns the theodicy, in science—application. Even Kant could not avoid rhetoric, even with Kant the last argument is "moral necessity." Thus there is before us the choice between the artistic and accomplished lie of the old, cultured Europe, a lie which is an outcome of a thousand years of hard and bitter effort, and the artless, sincere simplicity of young uncultured Russia.

They are nearer the end, we are nearer the beginning. And which is nearer to the truth? And can there be a question of voluntary, free choice? Probably not. Probably neither the old age of Europe nor the youth of Russia can give us the truth we seek. But does such a thing as ultimate

truth exist? Is not the very conception of truth, the very assumption of its possibility, is it not only the outcome of our limited experience, a result of limitation? *A priori* we decide that one thing must be possible, another impossible, and from this arbitrary assumption we proceed to deduce the body of truth. And each one judges in his own way, according to his powers and the conditions of his existence. The timid, scared man worries about obtaining *order*, which will secure him a day of peace and quiet; youth dreams of beauty and brilliancy; old age doesn't want to think of anything, since it cannot hope. And so *ad infinitum*.

And all this is called truth, truths. Each man thinks that what he himself has experienced exhausts the possibilities of life. And therefore the only right men turn out to be positivists and empiricists: there can be no question of truth once we tear ourselves away from the actual conditions of our existence.

Our confident truthfulness, like European rhetoric, turns out to be "beyond truth and falsehood." The young East and the old West alike suffer from the restrictions imposed by truth; but the former ignores the restrictions, whilst the latter adapts itself to them. And, after all, does it not amount to pretty much the same in the end? Is not clever rhetoric as alluring as truthfulness? Each of them is equally *life*. Only we find unendurable a rhetoric which poses as truthfulness, and truthfulness which wants to appear cultured. Such a masquerade makes it appear that truth, which is really *limitedness*, has an objective, eternal existence. Which is offensive. We need to think, at least till the contrary is proved, that only one assertion has or can have any objective reality: *that nothing is impossible on earth*. And every time someone tries to convince us that there are other, more limited and more limiting truths, we rise up and defend ourselves with every weapon we can lay hands on. We do not disdain to make use even of logic and morality, the two things we so often scoff at. But why not use them? When a man defends his last chance, he is not over-nice what weapons he uses.

LEO SHESTOV.

(Authorized translation by S. Koteliarsky.)

A FUTURIST POET

CITTÀ VELOCE: LIRISMO SINTETICO, 1915-18. Da Luciano Folgore (Roma, La Voce. 5 lire.)

Fine d'agosto. Tranquillità. Poche rose.
La terrazza. Lontananza. Una vestaglia,
la tua.
Vetture. Uomini. Fanciulli. Risate.

Obviously we are among the futurists. Signor Folgore's very name stamps him as a born member of the fraternity in which he has attained considerable eminence. Descriptions of this kind suggest the world as seen from a car that is incapable of keeping within the speed limit. And the futurist who is scattering the conventions in all directions on his headlong course seems to jeer as heartlessly at the panting critic toiling after him in vain as would the reckless driver of a racing car at the villager whose dog he has run over.

Signor Folgore begins with a newly varnished green door, and, as with most of the order, his inspiration rarely extends beyond the limits of his own city. We confess that we turned with considerable curiosity to the one or two war-poems in the volume. But our futurist has failed to find himself in the war. Detached notes and impressions of town life are the chief theme of this Synthetic Lyrist—we hardly venture to call him a poet.

D'intorno tutto il mondo è in moto,
d'intorno città non più immobile,
ma giro

corsa

capitombolo

di foggiecaseparapettifanali
di uomini stanchi di marce a piedi
e di polvere.

When, as in "Italia," he touches a string that brings him into contact with everyday poets, he does not come off with any particular distinction. Oddly enough, it is when he gets back to his lonely flat looking down over the city that this futurist for once succeeds, in our opinion, in getting beneath these externalities and giving us something like a definite mood or a definite picture, as in "Svestirsi," where he is undressing, tired out, by the open winodw, or in "Zone Serali."

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

*Swift (Edgar James). *PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DAY'S WORK.* Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 398 pp. indexes, 10/6 n. 150.4

In this treatise a readable account is given of the results obtained in several branches of psychological investigation. The psychology of learning, of fatigue, of memory and of digestion are some of the subjects treated. The section dealing with the value of testimony is probably the most interesting to the general reader; the evidence as to the very low value of human witness is incontrovertible, and should greatly influence procedure in our law courts.

200 RELIGION.

Picton-Turbervill (Edith). *MUSINGS OF A LAYWOMAN ON THE LIFE OF THE CHURCHES.* Murray, 1919. 7 in. 124 pp., 3/6 n. 283.04

Every page of this excellent book affords evidence of the author's earnest and careful consideration of the problems with which she deals; and multitudes of people, Churchmen and others, are thinking what Miss Picton-Turbervill has had the courage to write. There is in many quarters a consensus of opinion that "during the past five years, when people were perplexed and wanted some guiding," the leaders of the Church "did not in any single difficulty give a definite lead in Christian thought"; and that much of their attention has appeared to be devoted to "little things, things that ordinary people are quite sure do not really matter." The author urges that two great barriers to fellowship with many truly Christian men and women are the Church's insistence upon dogma, and its teaching and attitude on episcopacy and the priesthood.

Tillyard (A. I.). *THE MANUSCRIPTS OF GOD: a study in religion from the standpoint of Evolution.* Cambridge, Heffer, 1919. 9 in. 234 pp. index, 10/6 n. 204

The author gives, in a simple, colloquial style, the result of his musings on questions of Ethics and Religion. The reading he presupposes is confined for the most part to popular accounts of philosophy, science, &c., and the book, without being essentially new or particularly convincing, is pleasant to read.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Bartlett (Vernon). *BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE.* Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 209 pp. cl. 5/ n., lp. cl. 3/6 n. 341.1

This account of the Peace Conference is the work of an onlooker whose mental attitude, though independent, inclined towards the views of Mr. Wilson, and was opposed to the policy of secrecy which the diplomats adopted. Deft touches abound in the book, especially in the pen-pictures of the principal delegates.

Chellean (Henry). *HUMAN AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY.* Univ. of London Press, 1919. 8 in. 170 pp. apps., 3/6 n. 331.7

Yet another book on "efficiency," the "human machine," and so on. There is nothing very new in the matter or treatment; there are the usual generalities and assumptions, but the book is clearly written, and may be commended to those who desire to know the relative values of men as industrial machines. Lord Sydenham contributes a preface.

*MacDonald (J. Ramsay). *THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.* Swarthmore Press [1919]. 9 in. 301 pp. apps. index, 10/6 n. 354.54

The appearance of this informative book is stated by the author to have been delayed by the war. He reviews

the origin and evolution of the links which connect India with ourselves, and reminds readers that the needs of that empire cannot be met by an adjustment here and an adjustment there: "they have to be viewed in their wide sweep." Mr. MacDonald discusses with considerable fullness the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, deals with the religious problems in India, and remarks that a very common opinion of both Indians and English is that the Christian missions in India thwart the Nationalist movement—partly by implanting in the minds of the people thoughts which lead them away from Indian leadership and ideas. In the author's judgment, the Legislative Councils should have more authority, especially in finance, and the Viceroy's Council be made more representative. And the greatest stress is laid by Mr. MacDonald upon the personality of the Viceroy and the Governors sent out from home. Opposition to the Montagu-Chelmsford Report has slowly gathered; but, concludes the author, "bountiful will be the reward and ample the justification of those who respond to the generous and trustful emotions which possessed them when Indian troops rode into Flanders."

400 PHILOLOGY.

*Cassell's *New English Dictionary*; with an appendix. Edited by Ernest A. Baker. Cassell, 1919. 8 in. 1316 pp. apps. 6/ n.

Cassell's Dictionary is an entirely new compilation which reflects very great credit upon the editor, Dr. E. A. Baker. The book comprises more than 120,000 entries; and separate sections are devoted to often-used foreign words and phrases, to classical and other proper names, as well as to a great number of abbreviations and symbols employed in common life, in literature, the arts, and the sciences. Clear and concise definitions prevail; derivations are given wherever possible; and the system of pronunciation is simple and practical. A novel feature is the list of recently introduced scientific terms; of war words (including soldiers' and sailors' slang), and of expressions connected with aviation, the film-theatre industry, electrical engineering, and wireless telegraphy. Entries which might appear in a fresh edition are the slang expressions "matloe" (sailor), "tiddley" (smart), and "chatty" (unclean); "ringpaper"; "Bolshy"; "buzzer" (used in "wireless"); *Diplodocus*; *Penicillium* (the common mould); minik (the match-manufacturers' term for short splints); "cut-off" (of a magazine rifle); and "duck" or "duck-board" (a wooden carrying-frame). We are pleased to see that the proper pronunciation of "kinema" is given. Among the abbreviations we miss "S.O.S." and "D.I.C." "Woulfe's bottles" sometimes have only two necks. "Rhamphorhynchus" is usually spelt *Rhamphorhynchus*. But these things are "spots on the sun"; and the book, which in various ways we have severely tested, merits the highest commendation.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Sergi (Giuseppe). *ITALIA: LE ORIGINI: ANTROPOLOGIA, CULTURA E CIVILTÀ* ("Biblioteca di Scienze Moderne," 74). Milano, Fratelli Bocca, 1919. 9½ in. 468 pp. il. index, 45 lire. 572.945

See review, p. 1269.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Denning (A. D.). *SCIENTIFIC FACTORY MANAGEMENT.* Nisbet, 1919. 8½ in. 223 pp. bib. apps. chart, 12/6 n. 658

This is a book exhorting factory managers to analysis, synthesis, knowledge, efficiency, long-sightedness, etc. There are twelve laws that managers should study to obey; they appear to have been discovered by Haddock. As a selection we may quote: Law of Magnetic Adjustment; Law of Self-Interest Fidelity; Law of Subjective Business Automatics; Law of Organized Omnipresence; Law of Psychic Mastery. It will be seen that the subject is complicated, but if employers live by these laws, and if Labour effects a proper working union with Capital, we shall get a tremendous increase in efficiency.

800 LITERATURE.

Gibran (Kahlil). *THE MADMAN: HIS PARABLES AND POEMS.* Hutchinson [1919]. 8 in. 80 pp. 3 il., 5/ n. 892.7

Rodin called this poet-painter of Arabia "the William Blake of the twentieth century." Like his alleged prototype

in his unorthodoxy and detachment from the world of actualities, Kahlil Gibran in his sardonic humour suggests a closer affinity to Diogenes—but a very modern Diogenes, deeply read in the optimisms and pessimisms, the metaphysics and psychologies, and regarding them all with the cynical superiority of one in close contact with the real. These brief parables are oracular satires on human follies, shams, and self-deceptions. "The joy of scaring is a deep and lasting one," says the Scarecrow; but "only those who are stuffed with straw can know it." "The Astronomer" is a blind man. "Then he placed his hand upon his breast, saying, 'I watch all these suns and moons and stars.'" In "The Blessed City," where everyone lived according to the Scriptures, every single man or woman had sacrificed an eye or a hand, according to the command, "If thy right eye offend thee . . ." The pilgrim straightway left that Blessed City; "for I too was not too young, and I could read the Scripture." Three of the philosopher's drawings are inserted.

***Lampson (Godfrey Locker).** *THOUGHTS IN MIDDLE LIFE* Humphries, 1919. 7½ in. 137 pp., 3/6 n. 824.9

Mr. Locker Lampson's wisdom is a judicious compromise between worldliness and unworldliness. He is not a Rochefoucauld, for he has faith in all those generousities and spiritual nobilities which the author of the *Maxims* made it his business to deny. Neither is he one of those whose life is passed wholly in the world of the spirit, one of "God's fools" as they were called in another age: he sets too much value on the good things of fortune, is too knowing about the ways of the world, to be classed in this category. His compromise between the two extremes is thoroughly English, sensible and praiseworthy. His beliefs are the beliefs of his class and nation at their best and most intelligent.

Mencken (H. L.). *PREJUDICES. First Series.* New York Knopf [1919]. 7½ in. 259 pp. index, \$2 n. 814.4

Mr. Mencken's lack of respect for those whom the professors would call his betters is refreshing. To see him deflating such ox-blown frogs as William Dean Howells and Miss Amy Lowell, or planting well-placed banderillos into the hides of the stupid and the puritanical, is delightful. His essay on "The Late Mr. Wells"—the true Wells, the great artist, died, according to Mr. Mencken, with "Marriage"—is an acute piece of criticism with most of which one is inclined to agree. Mr. Mencken writes brightly, perhaps too brightly: the brilliance of his style suggests the flash of the best American dentistry.

POETRY

Dougall (Lily) and Sheldon (Gilbert). *ARCADES AMBO.* Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Lear's modest description of himself may justly be applied to these verses: "pleasant enough." Of the two writers, Miss Dougall contributes the more interesting pieces. "Memories" and "Helen in the Twilight" are very respectable poems that fall short of excellence by reason of a certain inadequacy of expression and arrangement. The themes are good, but the composition and execution are weak and lacking in originality.

Gilbert (Bernard). *BACK TO THE LAND.* Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ in. 68 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 821.9

It is rare that verses in dialect are anything but intolerable. Some of Mr. Gilbert's Lincolnshire poems are among the few exceptions. His political message is powerfully expressed in a poem called "Bolshevism," in which an old peasant tells of his struggle, his defeat, and his final winning of precarious independence from "The Devil's Trinity" of Farmer, Squire and Parson. His descriptions of incidents in peasant life are often, as in the case of the "Serenade," very entertaining. We like less his poems in the grand manner. He is, one feels, more at ease in the dialect pieces: the more consciously "poetical" forms and styles tend to cramp and stiffen his inspiration into artificiality.

The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Harrap [1919]. 7½ in. 329 pp. index, 5 n. 811.5

This anthology contains interesting poems by such well-known American writers as Conrad Aiken, Edgar Lee Masters, Edith Wharton, and Vachel Lindsay. We are particularly

glad that Mr. Lindsay's stirring interpretation of corybantic Christianity, "General William Booth enters into Heaven," has been included. Its opening lines are tremendous with their brass-band effect:

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Some of the other treasures collected by Mr. Braithwaite are not, perhaps, of the purest gold. But that was hardly to be expected. The general level of merit is remarkably high.

Housman (Laurence). *THE WHEEL.* Sidgwick & Jackson, 1919. 7½ in. 77 pp., 5 n. 821.9

Mr. Housman's dramatic trilogy, "Apollo in Hades," "The Death of Alcestis" and "The Doom of Admetus," is very carefully and cautiously written in a chastened and restrained Swinburnian style. It is all very admirable and skilful; but we are left unmoved by its neat perfection.

***Jiménez (Juan Ramón).** *OBRAS: Sonetos espirituales (1914-1915).* Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 7½ in. 140 pp., 2 ptas. 861.6

English readers should not be misled by the title of Sr. Jiménez's latest volume of verse. The new sonnets are examples of the exquisite sensibility and receptiveness of this most sensitive of modern Spanish poets. They will also serve as yet another refutation of the statement, made in a recent book on Spanish literary history, that the sonnet has always been a thing without life, and that the form is alien to the spirit of the Castilian tongue.

Ledwidge (Francis). *COMPLETE POEMS.* With introductions by Lord Dunsany. Jenkins, 1919. 7½ in. 290 pp. por., 7/6 n. 821.9

See review p. 1255

***Lindsay (Nicholas Vachel).** *GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN, and other poems.* Introduction by Robert Nichols. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 8 in. 139 pp., 5 n. 811.5

The title-poem, first printed in 1913, and referred to above, is famous as an exemplar of Mr. Lindsay's consummate mastery of poetic ragtime or syncopated rhythms. Another extremely fine poem in this volume is "The City that will not Repent"—a brilliant personification of 'Frisco. The rest are occasional verse of a less original order. A review will appear.

Ruiz (Juan), Archipreste de Hita. *LIBRO DE BUEN AMOR.* Edición, prólogo y notas de Alfonso Reyes. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6½ in. 310 pp., 1.50 ptas. 861.2

A useful pocket edition of this delightfully personal, and rather Pepysian, Spanish poet. Archaic words are explained in footnotes; there is a good index of proper names, and a list of the proverbs and refrains which occur in the poems. The works of the Archipreste de Hita are of especial interest to musicians on account of the number of instruments that are mentioned. They are not brought in merely for decorative effect, as they are in early Florentine and Siennese pictures; but are grouped, as in pictures of the Venetian School, as they would have been by a practical musician. One poem carefully distinguishes which instruments are suitable for accompanying Arab melodies, and which are not. Juan Ruiz certainly understood music; he wrote words for it, and probably composed dances for *mudéjar troteros* and cantaderas.

FICTION.

Bancroft (F.). *GREAT POSSESSIONS.* Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 336 pp., 6 s. 9 n.

The author has already written two novels relating to South Africa during the war, and treats the same theme in the present story. The conflict of principles in two friends—one of whom feels impelled to take part in the campaign in German East Africa, while the other refuses to do so—is well described. Both are fine personalities. There is a love-interest, but it is subordinate to the characterization

Bevan (Tom). *THE HOUSE DIVIDED.* Sampson Low [1919]. 7½ in. 272 pp., 6/ n.

The hero is a wheelwright's son who by sheer force of character has become an ironmaster, colliery proprietor, and millionaire. His beneficent but autocratic rule offends the workpeople, whose right of combination the ironmaster refuses to recognize. A strike is followed by riots and dissensions—as well in the ironmaster's family as in the village and surrounding district. His wife is feeble-spirited, with tastes foreign to his own; and after her death he marries a high-minded and clever woman for whom he has long had affection. A play based on the novel has been prepared by the author.

Cooke (Marjorie Benton). *THE CRICKET.* Jarrolds [1919]. 7½ in. 272 pp., 7/6 n.

The author is well known for her success in depicting refreshingly unconventional children; and Isabelle Bryce, the heroine of this tale, shows remarkable precocity. The story is an amusing and animated record of the impulsive Isabelle's adventures and doings, from the years during which she wore out a succession of governesses to the days when she dismally failed on the stage, went to Bermuda, and met an Irish officer who became her affianced lover.

Copplestone (Bennet). *THE LOST NAVAL PAPERS.* Murray, 1919. 7 in. 293 pp., 2/ n.
Cheap edition.

Dostoevsky (Fyodor Mihalovitch). *AN HONEST THIEF; and other stories.* Translated by Constance Garnett ("The Novels of Fyodor Dostoevsky," vol. 11). Heinemann [1919]. 7½ in. 330 pp., 6/ n. 891.73
See review, p. 1256.

Garrett (William). *SAINT ANTHONY'S GROVE.* Jarrolds [1919]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 7/6 n.

Anthony Wellwood is a guileless artist who paints sea pieces, and unexpectedly has thrust upon him an old friend's daughter, Alison Fairfax, of whom and of whose fortune—much to his embarrassment, for he cannot keep accounts—he is made guardian. Alison helps the painter by sitting for his great picture, "Thetis"; and guardian and ward become staunch friends. An adventurer preys upon the artist's unworldliness, and tries to get Alison into his power, but his schemes are defeated. The story is pleasant, and is brightly told.

H.M.S. Anonymous. By Taffrail. Jenkins, 1920. 7½ in. 320 pp., 7/ n.

Taffrail's latest book, which is dedicated to the author's ship-mates and flotilla-mates on the Tenth, Thirteenth, and Twentieth Destroyer Flotillas, is a series of vivid pictures of life on a destroyer in war-time. Of a tramp steamer forming part of a convoy, and capable of steaming only 7½ knots an hour, the author remarks: "Bitter were the imprecations against the owners who sent such a vessel to sea in a submarine area for us to look after and protect. They sat at home and raked in the golden harvest earned by their aged relic of the 'seventies, and, as she was probably well covered by insurance, I much doubt if they would have been seriously inconvenienced if she had been torpedoed and sent to the bottom."

Mason (A. E. W.). *THE BROKEN ROAD.* Murray, 1919. 7 in. 316 pp., 2/ n. Cheap edition.

Monkhouse (Allan). *TRUE LOVE.* Collins [1919]. 7½ in. 316 pp., 7/ n.
See review, p. 1259.

Oldmeadow (Ernest). *COGGIN.* Grant Richards, 1919. 8 in. 415 pp., 7/6 n.

The history of the lovable, but improbable infant phenomenon Coggin is to be completed in two more volumes. The clever, respectful little boy, in this bit of his life, is perhaps a less interesting study than the more substantial figure of the Rector, the cultured country parson, finding comfort under his trials in symbolism and the paths that lead to Rome. There are other side-interests. The case of the misuse of endowments and charities is intelligently argued; but we cannot believe in the "conversion" of the Socialist house-painter, and the definition of Agnosticism would not satisfy an intelligent schoolboy.

Poole (Ernest). *HIS FAMILY.* Macmillan, 1919. 7½ in. 326 pp., 3/ n. 813.5

The leading character is a New York widower, aged 60, who at first prospers, but later succumbs to an accumulation of trouble. His wife has foretold that he will "live in the lives" of his three daughters, the presentment of whose strongly differentiated characters as a whole carries conviction. One is the selfish wife of a busy lawyer, another is an amiable girl who teaches in a tenement school, and the third is "flighty" in the extreme. The tale is russet-tinted, but readable.

Poole (Ernest). *HIS SECOND WIFE.* Macmillan, 1919. 7½ in. 308 pp., 3/ n. 813.5

A clever and incisive study of the contrast in character between two sisters, the elder of whom, the wife of an architect, is fond of the whirl of frothy social life in New York, and cares for nothing that is serious, while the other is of an idealistic and art-loving temperament. The elder sister dies, but the husband remains under the influence of her shallow views of life long after his marriage with the younger girl. The second wife essays the task of bringing the husband back to his earlier and nobler ideals.

Porter (Eleanor H.). *KEITH'S DARK TOWER.* Constable [1919]. 7½ in. 311 pp., 6/ n.

This story, which is published in America under the title of "Dawn," depicts with force and pathos the experiences of a youth who gradually loses his eyesight. The lad's father is an artist whose means are at first very moderate, and it is with difficulty that money is found for the treatment necessary for the patient. A fine character is Susan, the housekeeper who "drops into poetry" and generally helps the blind man's people. The tale contains elements of sadness, but is very readable.

Stern (G. B.). *CHILDREN OF NO MAN'S LAND.* Duckworth [1919]. 7½ in. 359 pp., 7/ n.

See review, p. 1259.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Lincoln (Abraham).

Grierson (Francis). *ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC.* Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 99 pp., 5/ n. 920

In this little book Mr. Grierson emphasizes the mystical element in the character of Abraham Lincoln. It is not a biography, but rather a series of more or less detached notes upon events in Lincoln's life and some of his expressions of opinion. The pervading vagueness in the book is probably inseparable from the subject.

***Scott (Admiral Sir Percy Moreton), 1st Bt.** *FIFTY YEARS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.* Murray, 1919. 9 in. 376 pp. il. pors. apps. index, 21/ n. 920

Much of this book describes the author's efforts to improve the shooting of the Fleet. Incidentally the volume is a severe indictment of the administrative system at the Admiralty—indeed, of Civil Service methods generally. The system of the Civil Service is, in the author's opinion, a public danger. "This book," declares the author, "has been written in vain if it does not carry conviction that our naval administration is based on wrong principles." At the Admiralty, according to Sir Percy Scott, "the civilian element, being permanent, obtains too much influence, and the naval element, which is always changing, has too little influence." As an illustration of the loss of time, Sir Percy mentions that a letter took more than a year to circulate through the various departments of the Admiralty. However, Fisher and Jellicoe speeded up things. During the years 1900-01 the author (then captain of the "Terrible") obtained extraordinary results in gunnery practice. Of Petty Officer Grounds, who was engaged in this firing, and died in 1902, Admiral Scott states that he had for years been the best shot in the Navy, and had established a record which practically revolutionized our naval gunnery. "I regarded him," continues the author, "as a man worth more than his weight in gold." The Admiral is emphatic as to the bad gunnery which prevailed before 1901. In the eighties, he declares, a ship "had to look pretty; and . . . the officers had to find the money for buying the necessary house-maiding material . . . It was no wonder that the guns were not fired if it could be avoided, for the powder then used had a most deleterious effect on the paintwork." Sir Percy states that after his five years' persistent attempts to improve the gunnery practice of the Navy in the face of official opposition,

the Admiralty in 1904 discovered that "all the gunsights of the Fleet were inefficient, and that the guns of the whole Fleet would have to be re-sighted." Even in 1905, he says, "the whole energy of the Navy was devoted to beautifying the ships." In June, 1914, Admiral Scott warned the country of the danger from submarines and aircraft, which, he maintained, "had entirely revolutionized naval warfare." He temporarily took over the gunnery defences of London in September, 1915, when, it is interesting to note, he found that the "defences" (after fourteen months of war) consisted of eight three-inch high-angle guns, four six-pounders with bad gunsights, six pom-poms and some Maxims, which would not fire as high as a Zeppelin. The ammunition was unsuitable, and more dangerous to the citizens than to the Zeppelins. In fact, to quote Sir Percy Scott, "the War Office was as certain that a Zeppelin could not come to London, as the Admiralty was that a submarine could not sink a ship." This book is a grave pronouncement by a distinguished expert in gunnery, and should receive the attention which it assuredly deserves.

Stevenson (Robert Louis).

Irown (George E.). A BOOK OF R. L. S.: works, travels, friends; and commentators. Methuen [1919]. 7½ in. 304 pp. il. pors. index, 7/6 n. 920

This collection of particulars of R. L. Stevenson's life, works, opinions, &c., is arranged on an alphabetical plan—titles of volumes, places of residence, names of friends, &c., occur in their correct alphabetical order. The arrangement is handy for reference, and the information sufficiently attractive to repay one who dips into the book for pleasure.

Swinburne (Algernon Charles).

Kernahan (Coulson). SWINBURNE AS I KNEW HIM. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 124 pp., 5/ n. 920

A collection of reminiscences (some of which are amusing) of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton. Swinburne emerges as enthusiastic and excitable as ever; Watts-Dunton as a kind-hearted man, lacking in humour and a bit of a bore.

930-990 HISTORY.

Escouffaire (R. C.). IRELAND, AN ENEMY OF THE ALLIES? Murray, 1919. 7½ in. 259 pp., 6/ n. 941.5

This naive account of Irish history and of Ireland's claim to independence professes to be a "French" point of view. As such it further professes to be dispassionate, but the most prominent thing in it is the author's passion at what he takes to be Ireland's betrayal of France. The egotism of this attitude is bewildering, but it is the key to a treatment of Irish affairs which would otherwise be merely stupidly unfair and ungenerous.

Fish (Carl Russell). AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY ("Helps for Students of History," 19). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 63 pp. bibliogs. paper, 1/ n. 973.32

Readers who wish to know something of the varying currents of American diplomacy, from pre-Revolutionary times down to the period of international co-operation during the late war, will be materially helped by this handy little book, in which summaries of the successive phases of American policy are followed by long lists of sources, manuscript and other.

*History: the quarterly journal of the Historical Association, October. Macmillan, 1919. 10 in. 64 pp. paper, 1 6 n. 905

In "The Dawn of the French Renaissance" Mr. Edward Armstrong reviews the various works of Mr. A. Tilley and a few others. The second long article, "Nationality," by Mr. Ernest Barker, is an examination of Mr. A. E. Zimmern's "Nationalism and Internationalism," with sidelights from Prof. Ramsay Muir's books on the same subject. Mr. Barker sets forth the idea of "a corporate life finding corporate expression in a political structure," as a corrective to the view of nationality based on a common culture and social sentiment. There follow in smaller print the eleventh series of "Historical Revisions" and a number of signed reviews.

Lynd (Robert). IRELAND A NATION. Grant Richards, 1919. 7 in. 246 pp., 7/6 n. 941.5

Mr. Lynd has written a good fighting book. His sketch of Irish history is very readable, and his case for Irish self-determination, based on the ethical principles that England professes, is quite unanswerable.

Slater (Gilbert). THE MAKING OF MODERN ENGLAND. Constable, 1919. 8 in. 320 pp. app. index, 7/6 n. 942.073—083

The author endeavours to set out in simple language the facts relating to recent English history which the citizen should study in order to gain light and guidance. He treats of the position of the urban worker at the beginning of last century; the awakening of the spirit of reform; the first Reform Act; factory legislation; the campaign for public health, 1832-54; public elementary education; the development of municipal life; the labour movement in recent years; feminism; the "children's movement"; and other topics.

Tyrkova-Williams (Ariadna) (Mrs. Harold Williams). FROM LIBERTY TO BREST-LITOVSK: THE FIRST YEAR OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 538 pp. app. index, 16/ n. 947.08

The author has endeavoured to elucidate "the development of the fundamental ideas of the Socialist parties in the Russian Revolution and their reflection in the life of the masses." Mrs. Williams has refrained from the temptation to dwell on the external dramatic side of the Revolution, of which she was a witness from day to day. Her aim has been to avoid being carried away by personal impressions, and to be "as objective as one may be when writing of the sufferings, the convulsions, and, too often, of the humiliations of one's own people." But the book is in the main a serious indictment of the Bolshevik system. Bolshevism, according to the author, "differs from the more moderate tendencies of Social Democracy in method, in its attitude towards parliamentarism, and chiefly in morality." "The Bolsheviks violated both body and soul. Liberty, respect for personality, the press, the right of vote—in a word, everything considered to be the indispensable characteristic of a free legal State, was smashed by the Bolsheviks with the furious rapture of conquerors, with the conviction that their Koran alone contained the absolute truth." Mrs. Williams gives a number of reasons for her belief that the Bolsheviks received support and encouragement, as well as money, from the Germans.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Brereton (F. S.). THE GREAT WAR AND THE R.A.M.C. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 316 pp. maps, plan, apps. index, 12 6 n. 940.9

The newly organized Medical Service of the British Army, the work of which during the late war is popularly but authoritatively described in Lieut.-Colonel Brereton's book, entered the field at Mons, and at once was subjected to the excessively severe ordeal of a rapid retreat. The present volume is the first of a "popular medical history of the war," and deals with the first two months of hostilities. It is of outstanding interest. The accounts of the great retreat, and the pictures of the scenes at Le Cateau, St. Quentin, Landrecies, Vailly, and elsewhere, are vivid and impressive. The final chapters relate to the operations on the Aisne.

Gwatkin-Williams (Captain R. S.). PRISONERS OF THE RED DESERT: being a full and true history of the men of the "Tara." With an introduction by the Duke of Westminster. Thornton Butterworth [1919]. 7½ in. 304 pp., 7/6 n. 940.9

The "Tara" was torpedoed off the Libyan coast in the autumn of 1915, and the hundred odd survivors remained in captivity among the Senoussi till their rescue by the Duke of Westminster and his armoured cars in the spring of the following year. Captain Gwatkin-Williams's book is an absorbingly interesting narrative of the adventures and sufferings of this unhappy band of captives in a famine-stricken desert. Perhaps the most exciting section of the book is that which describes his own attempted escape in February, 1916, when he tramped two days through the desert, only to fall into the hands of two low-comedy Turkish soldiers, by him christened the "Bing-Boys," who brought him back into captivity. Captain Williams writes well and easily, and does justice to one of the most strange, romantic and tragic stories of the war.

MR. HEINEMANN'S LIST



SOUTH

THE STORY OF SHACKLETON'S
LAST EXPEDITION, 1914-1917.By SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON,
C.V.O. Fully Illustrated.
Royal 8vo. 25s. net.This is a full account of the most thrilling
adventure in the whole history of Polar exploration.
It is a stirring story of pluck and endurance;
indeed, an epic of the ice.SOME DIVERSIONS OF
A MAN OF LETTERS

By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

7s. 6d. net.

"No living artist has so sympathetically revealed the art in the artist and
the artist in his art. . . . Mr. Gosse's prose makes no concession to the
passage of years. it is as rich in the colour of young imagination as in the
mellow harmony of judgment."—*Daily Telegraph*.CONTEMPORARIES
OF SHAKESPEARE

By A. C. SWINBURNE.

7s. 6d. net.

A volume of essays on the Elizabethan dramatists—much of the material
now published for the first time.

ADDRESSES IN AMERICA

By JOHN GALSWORTHY.

6s. net.

These addresses, which were delivered during the author's recent visit to
America, deal with the differences and also the affinities between the English
and American outlook on life.

SELECTIONS FROM SWINBURNE

Edited by EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., and T. J. WISE. 6s. n.

The only selection from Swinburne's poems hitherto available in England
was one made by Watts-Dunton in 1887, which is now out of print. This
is an entirely new and more representative selection from the poet's work.THE WAR POEMS OF
SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Newly collected in 1 volume.

3s. 6d. net.

REYNARD THE FOX

By JOHN MASEFIELD. (2nd Imp.)

5s. net.

"This is one of the most English poems ever written, an epic of the soil and
of those who gallop over it."—*The Times*.

THIS YEAR'S RACKHAM.

CINDERELLA

Retold by C. S. EVANS.

Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM.
Boards. 7s. 6d. net.

Limited Editions, numbered and Signed.

300 copies on Jap Vellum, £2 5s.

500 copies on Hand-Made Paper, £1 11s. 6d.

Mr. Rackham's Drawings for "Cinderella"
are certainly the finest he has ever made for
children. They are in colour and silhouette—
a delightful, though almost forgotten, art, of
which Mr. Rackham is a master. The story is told
simply and in all the detail which children love.

NEW HEINEMANN NOVELS

SEVEN MEN

LEGEND (6s. net.)

SAINT'S PROGRESS (7s. 6d. net.)

AGAINST THE GRAIN

THE OLD MADHOUSE

A SAILOR'S HOME

MAX BEERBOHN

CLEMENCE DANE

JOHN GALSWORTHY

C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT

WM. DE MORGAN

RICHARD DEHAN

LONDON: W. HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD ST., W.C.2

Cambridge University Press

The Letters of Charles Sorley.

With a Chapter of Biography, Demy 8vo. With a
portrait. 12s. 6d. net.These letters of Charles Sorley have been published in response to many
requests from readers of *Marlborough and other Poems*. In his familiar
letters to his family and friends there is material enough, when taken
along with the poems, for forming a picture of the writer. There is also
in them a picture of the times, especially in Germany, immediately before
the war, and a criticism of life and literature, which may be found to have a
value of their own.

Marlborough and Other Poems.

By CHARLES SORLEY. Fourth edition. With a
portrait. Small 8vo. Cloth, 5s. net; lambskin, 8s. 6d. net.

The Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem,

and other Christian Churches in the Holy City. A
brief description, with some account of the mediæval
copies of the Holy Sepulchre surviving in Europe.
By G. JEFFERY, F.S.A. Demy 8vo. With 59
illustrations and plans. 10s. 6d. net.There are certain aspects of the greatest of Christian monuments which
still remain comparatively unknown. The author has cast into book form
the notes which he made some few years back, and has presented these
studies in a way which, he hopes, will interest others in the most famous
of Christian relics.Spiritual Pluralism and Recent
Philosophy.By C. A. RICHARDSON, M.A.
Demy 8vo. 14s. net.The author's purpose in this volume is to present and defend the theory
that the texture of the Universe is through-and-through spiritual. The
book contains chapters on:—Scientific Method in Philosophy; Certain
Criticisms of Pluralism; The Weber-Fechner Law; The Notion of a
Deterministic System; The Intensity of Sense-Data; Immortality; The
Relation of Mind and Body; Sub-Consciousness and Abnormal Phenomena.

Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4: C. F. Clay, Manager

Messrs METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS

Send your name and address to Messrs. Methuen and you will
receive regularly their Illustrated Announcement List.

JUST PUBLISHED

THE PHANTOM JOURNAL AND OTHER ESSAYS AND
DIVERSIONS. By E. V. LUCAS. Author of "Twixt
Eagle and Dove." Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.A selection of Mr. Lucas's contributions to the weekly press
in 1918-19. The essay which gives the book its title is new.

NEW GENERAL LITERATURE

By A. CLUTTON-BROCK
ESSAYS ON ART. 5s. net.By MAURICE MAETERLINCK
MOUNTAIN PATHS. 6s. net.By OSCAR WILDE
A CRITIC IN PALL MALL. 6s. 6d. net.By A. A. MILNE
NOT THAT IT MATTERS. 6s. net.By GEORGE E. BROWN
A BOOK OF R.L.S. 7s. 6d. net.Edited by RALPH NEVILL
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. 18s. net.By ROSE FYLEMAN
THE FAIRY GREEN. 3s. 6d. net.

A charming book of Poems.

By A. BRUCE BOSWELL, M.A.
POLAND AND THE POLES. 12s. 6d. net.By WILLIAM LANG
A SEA LAWYER'S LOG. 6s. net.

The Lower Deck in the War

By A. SAFRONI-MIDDLETON
SOUTH SEA FOAM. 6s. net.

Romance and Adventure in the South Seas.

By GERTRUDE BACON
ALL ABOUT FLYING. 3s. net. [Sports Series]

METHUEN & CO., LTD., 36 Essex St, Strand, London, W.C.2.